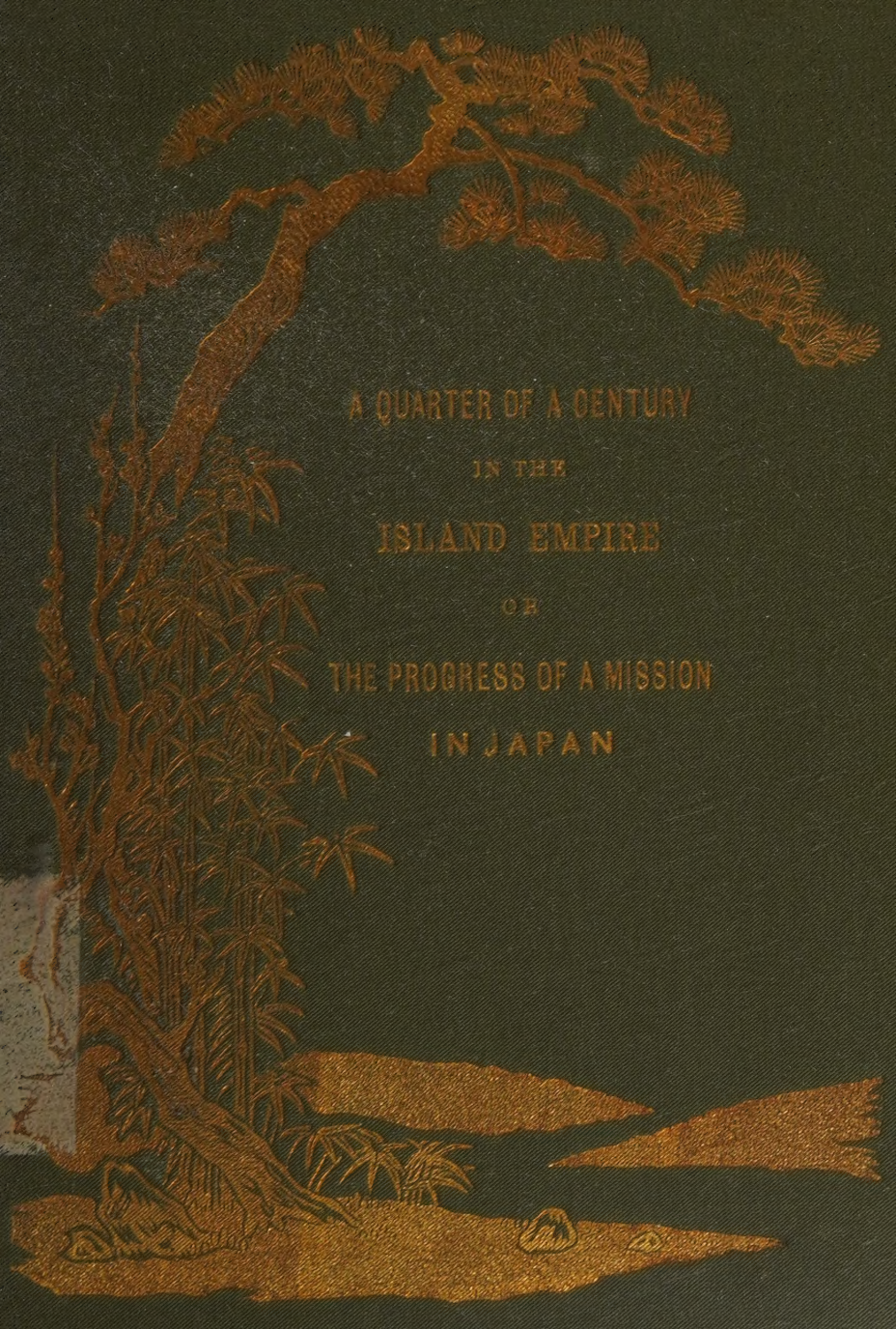

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

IN THE

ISLAND EMPIRE

OR

THE PROGRESS OF A MISSION

IN JAPAN

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A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

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THE PROGRESS OF A MISSION

IN JAPAN

BY

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TO THE

DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS

WHO HAVE SO NOBLY SUSTAINED
THIS WORK OF THE LORD IN JAPAN

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME

Is Affectionately Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

It cannot be truly said that there is no demand for more definite information concerning Foreign Missions. The irresistible rush and accelerated activities of the West, at this present epoch, preclude to some extent the fair investigation, sympathy and appreciation, which they may rightfully claim. The methods employed, the results produced are not lightly apparent and are therefore ignored or misrepresented by casual superficial observers. It is obvious to every honest mind that all true civilization and progress emanate from the Gospel of Christ, the power that moves the heart of the world. To propagate this Gospel, to induce obedience to its pure, righteous, incomparable precepts and Divine commands are the objects of Missions. No opposing argument can shake the substantial facts underlying them; the church of Christ bears the irreversible commission for the proclamation of the Gospel Message, wherever the sun shines, wherever human hearts pulsate in all lands of the earth. Accordingly the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, for Heathen Lands, was organized in November 1860, and incorporated in New York, Feb. 1., 1861. During this long period replete with political changes, financial depressions, and other adverse circumstances, its devoted members have maintained their noble attitude, resolutely contending with the tide of evil, superstition and idolatry which floods the Orient and defiles

the earth. The condition of woman in these lands has been ameliorated and elevated by the Gospel sent forth and received in many hearts and homes. This simple relation of the "Progress of a Mission" has been elicited by the grateful recognition of the work of the Divine Spirit, through this society, during a quarter of a century. As all true members of the Body of Christ are one in Him, they rejoice in the prosperity of His cause, responding to every phase and circumstance, attending the erection of that living temple, builded for the habitation of the Lord, whose glory shall fill the heavens and the earth. The crowning gem will soon appear with exultant shouts of "Grace, grace unto it." Then the majestic structure completed with exquisite symmetry and inimitable perfection shall be revealed, reflecting the effulgent splendor of the Divine Presence.

CHAPTER I.

When He, Himself, in clouds appears,
As lightnings flash through rolling spheres,
And gild the skies from zone to zone,
Then shall we know, as we are known ;
For face to face, Him we shall see,
And comprehend life's mystery.

It was a pleasant room, in which a bright fire was burning and the breakfast table spread, on that cold morning in January. The Christmas decorations had not been removed and the long festoons of evergreens still drooped gracefully from the ceiling, contrasted with the pale foliage of the bamboo on long slender branches, which together, formed the frame of a cheerful picture, tinted with the warm glow of a festive season. Without, it was nature's bridal morning, white with the newly fallen snow, under which, the dark green of the pine trees or the long pendant boughs of the willows were but partially concealed. Beyond, the rough dark waters of the bay appeared, unrelieved by any radiance from the blue sky, which was thickly overcast with clouds. It was an Oriental scene, although divested of some ancient features, yet strikingly characteristic, and peculiar to Yokohama, the principal sea port of Japan. The pleasant breakfast room was that of a residence on the Bluff, in the Foreign Concession, which for sanitary and other local advantages could not be surpass-

ed on the island of Dai Nippon. The door of the apartment opened and a lady of advanced years entered and was soon joined by a younger associate. Familiar salutations were exchanged, and a conversation ensued, in accordance with the tenor of their thoughts. "My heart is full of gratitude to God for all His precious gifts and especially for those, which we enjoy on this cold winter morning," said the elder lady. And at the same time, there are many sick, suffering, poor and needy; and at a casual glance, it appears as if temporal blessings were very unequally distributed in this world." replied the younger. "But it is only apparently so: there are always compensations, which, if seen and understood would indicate the equality of God's balances; the wisdom and justice of His perfect government! Then, too, this little planet on which we live, is only the vestibule to the grand eternity; where His infallible administration will be revealed in its entity, and the glorious scheme of redemption unfolded in its harmonious adjustments and perfection," replied the elder. "True," said the younger, "for now, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." The conversation then digressed, and the general topics of the day were discussed until the prayer bell rang and the two ladies separated for their respective appointments.

CHAPTER II.

We live two lives ; the veil of flesh between,
That unrevealed and that most plainly seen,
And yet 'tis one. As flowers and fruit proceed
E'en from one heart ; that of the tiny seed.

The characters of individuals follow the law of uniformity in generalities, while differing widely in minute particulars. Heredity, education, environment and proclivities are the factors in the formation of character, so complex and varied ; as the diamond, always the same in substance, may present few or many faces according to the quality of the gem, or the purpose and skill of the lapidary. There should be perfect correspondence between the external and internal life ; as branch, leaf, blossom and fruit are the same in substance, emanating from the same heart, in unanimity with its species. In the material universe there is no inharmony. The invisible forces to which all creatures are subject, appear only through their operations, which seldom vary, and so also in the mental and spiritual dominions ; silent and hidden potencies are effecting obvious results. That which is born in thought is matured and revealed in action. The life and work of a missionary are subject to peculiar discipline. Contact with idolatry is oppressive, and like the force of gravity operates with a downward tendency ; but the higher law of Eternal Truth opposes it and prevails, to the firm es-

tablishment and consolidation of Christian character. The conversation recorded in the preceding chapter occurred between two missionary ladies, whom we will designate as Mrs. Pierson and Miss Montgomery. The former was far advanced in years and experience, from a long residence in the East; the latter, young and just entering the new sphere of service in a foreign field. The morning meal concluded, they left the breakfast room, Miss Montgomery to lead the morning prayers of the Girl's School, conducted in English, and Mrs. Pierson to meet the Bible Readers, for the same sacred service, in the vernacular. The former assembled in the study room of the Home building; the latter in one of the houses on the same premises, called the cottage; but with little apparent reason. The building was of foreign architecture, constructed without reference to symmetry or elegance, but rather to strength and durability which are most important considerations in this land of physical convulsions. At that early morning hour a large company of Bible women were assembled in the audience room, seated according to native custom on the soft mats with which the floor was covered. The apartment had evidently been remodeled to suit a present purpose. It was square and capacious, with a low ceiling, supported in the center by a heavy pillar. The coloring of the panels was a peculiar combination of olive and gray, which contributed to its Oriental aspect. Six windows afforded sufficient light and ventilation. At the entrance of their teacher the women bowed low simultaneously, to which, she responded, a brief silence followed, and the service was opened with the consecration hymn, a transla-

tion from Miss Havergal's; "Take my life and let it be, consecrated, Lord to Thee." The singing was hearty and harmonious, accompanied by the organ, at which a native woman presided. A Scripture Lesson was then read responsively and expounded by the teacher, and the service closed with the Lord's prayer, repeated in concert, the large company then dispersed.

CHAPTER III.

"As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Send us, oh Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail,
That makes Thy Kingdom come!"

The preceding chapter presents in a real scene, some of the results of missionary work in Japan during a quarter of a century. It was inaugurated at a transition period of the empire, when the dual government, superseded by the Imperial, had introduced the latest epoch, designated as Meiji. The demolition of the old feudal system had been effected without bloodshed, or a reign of terror. The aspect political, social, intellectual and religious, compared with that of today was in striking contrast. Then, woman occupied a position far beneath that for which she was created and intended. In domestic and social life, she was restricted and fettered by customs and usages that blighted loftier aspirations, and held in bondage her spirit soul and body. To educate and elevate her, the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, sent out three ladies as representatives, who landed on these shores one gloomy Sunday morning, in the month of June, 1871. A mist

like rain obscured the landscape, while the narrow roads indicated that it had been heavily falling for some time. The "Norimono" and sedan chair were the principal conveyances in use, as the "jinrikisha" and "basha" were more latterly introduced, the former having been subsequently invented. The three ladies were entertained at the residence of a missionary on the Bluff, from whence that Sunday morning they attended religious services which were held in the settlement, at a medical dispensary. The foreign residents were then few, principally English and Americans. They were consequently objects of interest and curiosity to the Japanese who followed them in crowds wherever they went, observing, criticizing, admiring or ridiculing; but as not one word of the strange language could be understood, their remarks caused neither satisfaction nor offence. It is impossible to describe the first impressions made by an Oriental scene, upon a stranger from the Occident. Many thoughts are suggested and emotions excited in the bewildering transition from the new to the old world. There is nothing familiar beneath the skies. Physical conformations, men, women and children, trees, plants and flowers are novel and intensely interesting; having been seen, in the credulous days of childhood, only in pictures or dreams, of countries unreal and mythical. Perchance in that spring time of life, rose colored and golden, we were transported on some majic roll of carpet to these fairy regions, as we had read of heroes and heroines having been in the "Arabian night's Entertainment." We had visited Aladdin's subterranean cavern, and in imagination gathered jewels from the

trees, and golden treasures until we were fabulously rich. But the rose color faded into gray, the jewels dissolved like Cleopatra's pearl, and though we stood upon Oriental soil, it was disenchanted, real, substantial. How different from our own dear Christian America! land of religious freedom, of churches, of sacred family altars, of just and holy principles, where right prevails and God is honored. Here in the Orient, of which Japan is truly the gem, every hill and every valley are devoted to the grim old idols, hideous, senseless and repulsive, instruments of the powers of darkness for the confusion and destruction of human beings, for whom Christ the Son of God hath died. But first impressions grow dim, and are brushed away as the bloom from ripened fruit never to be renewed. The scenery becomes familiar, the people less strange and wonderment ceases. One awful fact can not be ignored, but oppresses and disturbs the heart of the Christians; it is a heathen country and a heathen people. There as evidence, stands the temple erected to "Hachiman," or here, the shrine to Ebisu, and above that long flight of stone steps, under the green trees, on that lofty eminence is a statue of Buddha, which belongs to the mineral kingdom, and is far inferior to those who bow down before it in worship. Gross darkness covers the land and its people. At the time when our mission opens, the missionaries in Japan might be easily counted; three families having arrived ten or fifteen years earlier, were pioneers in a larger sense, than those of whom we are writing. It was, however, a premature period in the annals of the native Christian church, as the little handful of believers were sup-

pressed and concealed ; Christianity being stigmatized and prohibited by the government. A few months elapsed before even temporary arrangements could be made, or a building secured, suitable for the Boarding School, which the three ladies proposed to establish. They were greatly disappointed in their original intention, finding it somewhat impracticable, and also the women and girls being inaccessible, the work was slow and tedious. The young men were however, animated by the desire for progress, to which the study of the English language seemed initiatory. In the interim as means to an end, a morning school was opened for their instruction. The Sacred Scriptures, the very foundation of all true education, literature and science were made prominent, and thus the knowledge of the Truth, conveyed to the minds of many who had not known it, who had never seen this grand revelation of God's love to man, and of His priceless redemption. The original purpose was not abandoned nor inoperative, and finally by faith, prayer and steadfast perseverance, the way was opened for it's accomplishment. The morning school was prosperous, and through it's instrumentality, access to the women and girls was obtained. An afternoon session was then opened for those who wished to attend.

CHAPTER IV.

"A FOREST IN AN ACORN LIES."

There are faces in the picture gallery of memory, which, although neither beautiful nor attractive, are there indelibly delineated; so the features and figures of some of the girls and women who formed the nucleus of that pioneer institution can never be effaced from the hearts of those who were interested in them. Among those who early entered our school, was the wife of an official. Time had not dealt kindly with her, for she was prematurely old and faded. Her sad expression and attenuated frame gave evidence of some wasting sorrow. Her residence was on the hillside in the vicinity of the school. Her progress was slow, as the more facile season for mental training had already passed away, and her health was greatly impaired. To her, the glad tidings of salvation were peace and balm, by which her heart wounds were healed and new sweet hope inspired. She became a Christian. Subsequently, her husband removed to Tokyo, where she died, it is said, in desertion and distress. Very soon after a young girl named Haru, entered the school and began the study of English. She was a diligent student, and although her task was arduous did not falter, but persevered until she had acquired a fair knowledge and practical use of the language. But in a few years she was attacked by a mortal malady, under

which she faded like a spring flower and died in the morning of life. In a very short time the girl's school increased to such an extent, that it became necessary to dismiss the young men and to devote all the time to those for whom the work was originally intended. Before six months elapsed, there were two young girls admitted into the school, whose lives have been entwined like a golden chain, with the development and progress of the mission. Suzuki O Shin san was ten years of age when placed under our care. Truthful and gifted, strong and substantial, she possessed naturally, those characteristics which are the foundation of excellence and usefulness. With diligent application, she progressed rapidly, acquiring English accurately, speaking and writing well in the strange tongue so utterly diverse from her own. At first she came as a day scholar and during a short interval of a few months, was withdrawn by her parents in Tokyo, but was again returned to us, remaining for twenty years, until the Master called her home, and she departed strong in the Christian faith. She had graduated with the class of 1884, and from that time was employed as teacher in the loved Alma Mater, where she had lived so happily, respected and appreciated by all. A short interval elapsed and another little girl was introduced into our home circle. Kinowaki O Sono san was a remarkable child, precocious, attractive and lovable. Her father was the most intimate friend of General Saigo, under whom he served in the interests of his country. O Sono san was committed to our care when eight years of age, remaining for twenty four years, as scholar, teacher and special as-

sistant. At first, the new strange surroundings, foreign dress and customs were very distasteful to her, and she longed for the old familiar scenes and faces of her native home. At that time there was no railway in the country; long journeys being rare, because slow and tedious. But O Sono san resolved on a visit to her relatives in the distant capital at Tokyo. One bright morning of that winter season we missed her, and sought in vain to discover her hiding place. The greatest excitement prevailed and anxious faces might every where be seen, as teachers and scholars pursued the search, without finding the slightest clue to the mystery, at last to our great relief we learned that she had gone home. She had walked about three miles to a neighboring town, over a route, through which she had only passed once, on her way to Yokohama. There she engaged a jinrikisha, in which, she was conveyed to her destination, arriving late in the evening. Her parents were surprised and displeased, at the abrupt return of their daughter and her welcome was not what she had expected. She was reconducted to her new home, where she soon became contented, happy and useful. There were some, who came and went, making no apparent impression and leaving no trace after their departure. There were others interesting and gifted, whose biographies might be written and their names recorded, never to be obliterated.

Bible Readers House

CHAPTER V.

Inferior things are stepping stones,
By which, we slowly rise
Attaining to the higher thrones,
Still upward to the skies.

It was soon evident that the building and grounds which had been temporarily engaged, were not adapted to the work to which they had been appropriated. Another location was secured in the same vicinity on the Bluff. It offered great advantages, being a large square lot on the corner; while in the rear was the residence of an honored missionary, and on the Western side was a steep hill leading to the native settlement. Thus as the foreign concession might become thickly populated and corresponding residences required, the possibility of being crowded or inclosed in close quarters was precluded; while there was room for enlargement and extension, as well as ample grounds for exercise and other purposes. The young trees, shrubs and plants, principally pine, willows, cherry, magnolias and camellias were ornamental and umbrageous. The buildings, which had been erected six years previously seemed much older than they really were; for earthquakes, typhoons and floods are injurious and destructive to all human fabrics. To this place the infant school was removed, where it was prospered and permanently established. No one, without experience, can understand the

difficulties and discouragements of such a pioneer work. The young girls had not been trained to systematic habits of study and therefore required most careful discipline, with "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" admonition, counsel, instruction and encouragement. As their attendance at the day school was irregular, their progress was proportionally slow. The atmosphere of their homes was permeated with idolatry, and its poisonous influences opposed the pure sweet teaching and righteous principles of the word of God. But by kind persistent effort and unwavering firmness, these difficulties were met and conquered. Thus established on a firm basis, the structure gradually attained its present proportions. The year 1893 was marked by the ravages of an epidemic which often prevails in the East, and is lightly regarded by Orientals, being accepted as an inevitable necessity. The small pox raged to an alarming extent and many were the victims prostrated under its deadly power. One of the three pioneer ladies, principal of the school, came in contact with the disease, which, she most dreaded, on account of its loathsomeness. A hard struggle ensued between her will and the incipient progress of the contagion which had been contracted. But the latter conquered, and the only alternative was submission. The Grand Teacher of immortal spirits uses many object lessons to illustrate a point, and employs many methods of instruction, original and impressive. So, even this afflictive circumstance was highly profitable. Secluded in her own apartment, into which few were permitted to enter, it was a season of close communion with the Lord

and of rich sweet experience, never to be forgotten. Another of the ladies, having had the disease before leaving America, was not excluded from the apartment; taking care to change her garments, she visited her afflicted associate, and was always welcomed. At one time she read to her that inimitable poem, "Jerusalem, the Golden," and after her departure, its influence lingered. All night, there was a golden glimmer in the air, while the sweet refrain, repeated again and again, with soft and varying intonations filled the room with a music like vesper chimes:

"And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."

The words were distinct and emphatic; but soft and musical as the notes of tiny golden bells. In the early morning it appeared that the snow had been falling, and the landscape was arrayed in white, as pure and glittering as the transfiguration raiment or the royal vestments of the redeemed. The starry flakes lay in shining masses against the window panes, but the storm had passed and over all the blue sky smiled in serene beneficence. The following stanzas were suggested:

The storm beat at my window pane,
And wind harps breathed their wild refrain;
The little birds that sung before,
Through falling snow, could sing no more.
Though wild the storm, a Heav'nly Guest
With speechless joy my soul possessed;

The darkness changed to splendor bright,
And crowned the scene, with golden light.
For many years, I'd loved this Guest,
Of all on earth, in Heaven the best ;
For many years had kissed His feet,
And sighed for faith and love complete.
As many times, He'd beamed on me,
And sweetly smiled ineffably ;
Had spoken words of loving cheer ;
" Lo ; it is I—why dost thou fear ? "
But on that blessed, golden day,
From out the shining, starry way,
That Holy Guest came to my heart,
His life to live—His grace impart !
Not as the world, His peace was given,
Deep as the sea and broad as Heaven,
Far reaching as from shore to shore,
It shall abide forevermore !
Oh Heav'nly Guest, still dwell in me,
And Thou, my royal Host shalt be !
I could not ask for more of Heaven,
Than that, Thy presence pure hath given ;

After the brief interval of twelve days the malady, which had been light, was healed, and the patient, although still weak, went forth to her accustomed duties, realizing the fulfillment of that assurance, which has touched many lives with golden radiance, infusing sweetness into bitter draughts : " And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Even at this late period, twenty four years subsequently to the occurrence of that

event, this most dreaded pestilence prevails at seasons throughout the country, sweeping away hundreds in its irresistible progress. Sanitary measures have been adopted, but not thoroughly enforced, so through carelessness or local causes this old enemy of peace, health and life, is permitted to prevail.

CHAPTER VI.

"I thank thee, for Thy written word, my God,
For every sacred line!
But more, I thank Thee, for thy humblest saint,
Whose daily life doth shine—
A living page, most true, most pure, most sweet,
Fresh from Thy hand divine!"

The period of Meiji has been distinguished in this Empire of the Rising Sun, by gradual but certain progress, political and intellectual. Old systems of idolatry have been deeply moved, although not overthrown, for ancestral worship, whose source is ignorance, selfishness and pride has struck its roots, like a strong old Upas tree, into the very heart of national social and individual life, poisoning its currents and producing death. Christianity has to some extent disseminated its sanitary influences in many directions; while from this source of health, have emanated all the civilization, culture and advancement which characterize these times. In the early years of this modern period there was no church edifice, opening its friendly doors to invite wanderers home to God; no voice publicly proclaimed salvation full and free through faith in the divine Savior; no church organization opposed its broad phalanx to the great tide of evil. In response to this apparent need therefore, meetings were opened at the Mission Home on the Bluff. Sacred services of song and scripture reading,

Mr. Kumano and Family

with exposition and prayer, were held on Sunday and Wednesday Evenings, in two separate apartments; the Japanese assembling in one, and foreigners in the other. As at that time there were very few of the former who understood English. this distinction was necessary. From these meetings two church organizations arose, union alike in principle, the one foreign the other native. A small chapel was soon after erected in the settlement of Yokohama, on Water Street, and subsequently a large and commodious edifice, of which, the primary building formed the wing, the church of Christ was thus established in the Empire of the Rising Sun, and against it, principalities and powers cannot prevail. Many young men were converted, some of whom have already joined the church triumphant; while others still in the church militant remain faithful unto this day. Among these, was one, whose life has been a rare benediction to his people. He was born at Omura, in a Western Province of Dainippon. Among his ancestors, a noble line of Samurai, was one, celebrated for an important achievement, by which he saved his daimio from impending misfortune and degradation. This occurred about two hundred years ago, when the old feudal system was in its meridian splendor under the Tokugawa government. In accordance with a custom of those old feudal times, this retainer set aside his family name and adopted that of the proprietor of the estate, on which he resided, called Fukuda. Roman Catholicism had been introduced into the country, previously to the period of which we write, and was largely disseminated; having obtained many followers. It was every where prohibited and the daimios were strict

and vigilant, in order to exclude it from their dominions. The reigning monarch of the Tokugawa dynasty, had decreed that if the daimios permitted it to exist among their retainers or in their precincts, they should be deprived of their rank and wealth. Commissioners were dispatched from the Taikun, to investigate and report the progress of reformation, and also to impress upon the daimios, the careful consideration of the mandate and the impending issue. As there were many converts in the Western Province the feudal sovereign was greatly embarrassed and perplexed, being unable to grapple with the difficulty and powerless in his supremacy. Then the genius and promptitude of his principal officer, Fukuda, appeared in bold relief, and were equal to the emergency. In order to inspire and comfort his lord, he promised that the work of extirpation should be accomplished in fifteen days. Assembling the soldiers under his command, he engaged their services, to assist in the deadly conflict with the religious tenets of the people. Wherever suspicion pointed to an individual, as a convert to the new faith, the accused was tried, and acquited or condemned. In the latter case, the privilege of recantation was offered, with the promise of pardon; while the penalty of persistence was death. Few accepted the former alternative, and multitudes suffered heroically for their faith. Thus Romanism was apparently eradicated, according to promise, within the time appointed. This intelligence had not reached the Tycoon, who impatient and angry at the supposed delay, or failure of his mandate, dispatched officers to degrade the daimio and confiscate his estate. Again, the uncompromising energy

and loyalty of Fukuda were called into requisition and achieved a memorable victory. The officers were doggedly determined to execute their commission, although informed of what had transpired and the consequent eradication of Romanism. Remonstrance and persuasion failed to effect any change in their purpose and finally, Fukuda, with a bold stroke, declared, that at the first movement toward their object they should die. And as this proved the conclusive argument the purpose was relinquished. While this was occurring at Nagasaki, the daimio was waiting in his castle at Omura, across the bay, for the tidings of good or ill, according to the success or defeat of his loyal vicegerent. It had previously been concerted, that if Fukuda prevailed, he would, on returning, cross the bay with the clangor of martial music, bells, drums and fifes, the heralds of a signal triumph, while if defeated, there should be no demonstration, or intimation of approach, but profound silence. Suddenly the exultant strains of victory burst upon the air and were wafted over the waters, filling the heart of the daimio with inexpressible joy. Forgetting his rank and dignity, indifferent to personal appearance, he flew, rather than walked to the shore, which the boat had just touched, clasping his faithful officer in his arms, he gave expression to his satisfaction and gratitude, however, having brought no present, as a more tangible proof of his appreciation and favor, he plucked up a young pine tree which grew on the shore, and presented it to Fukuda, as an evergreen testimonial of his gratitude and affection. Hence, the pine tree, delineated on a fan, became the crest of the Fukuda family. After the demolition of the feudal

system, their original name, Kumano, was resumed. Nearly two hundred years subsequently, in the seventh generation, a lineal descendant of Fukuda came to Yokohama for the purpose of acquiring an English education. As this could be obtained only through the foreign missionaries, he engaged the services of a lady, the writer of this book, and was also employed to teach her the vernacular. Through the study of the Divine Word he learned the way of salvation, and although opposed by his natural inclinations, and the idolatrous doctrines inculcated and maintained by parents, relatives and friends, he became a sincere and uncompromising believer. A descendant of the daimio, to whom Fukuda had rendered such signal service, being apprized of Kumanos conversion, summoned him to appear at his residence in Tokyo, to answer to the charge preferred against him. The young convert, only seventeen years of age, appeared promptly at the appointed place and confronted a large number of officials and dignitaries, assembled to intimidate or persuade him to apostatize. Their efforts proved unavailing, for real, substantial faith is immutable and invincible. Their policy was not compulsory, only persuasive, but every effort failed. Surprised and indignant at their defeat petty persecutions were employed, which, alike proved futile ; he remained steadfast, many of his friends and acquaintances influenced by his example and testimony were converted, and he was sarcastically denominated their " Ringleader." Time passed and many changes, social and political were effected through the benignant and powerful influences of the Christian religion ; but amid all revolutions favorable or unfavorable,

Kumano maintained his faith firmly, manifesting it by a consistent life and worthy deeds. He has rendered efficient and valuable service, as teacher in our Mission School for twenty years, and as elder in the Union Church at Yokohama for a longer term. The family finally removed to the latter place, where the father unadvisedly entered into a manufacturing project, incurring heavy losses, which were never retrieved. Subsequently the whole family became Christians, some of whom have since fallen asleep in the holy faith.

CHAPTER VII.

"Work for me, Lord; for Thou'st chosen
Things as vile, and base and weak:
Let Thine angel go before me.
Give the word, Thou'dst have me speak!"
Work with me, Lord: for, I'm foolish,
Strength and might, Thou dost not need:
Lo, I cast me, on Thy love, Lord;
Work Thou, with Thy broken reed!"

A. Shipton.

The history of missions is a record of supernatural events, wrought apparently through natural agencies: but whether considered individually or collectively, they represent one object, the divine ideal restoration of fallen man to rectitude, truth, purity and happiness. The thoughts of God are in His universe every where apparent, in the moss, that covers with its delicate texture the rugged rocks: in the cryptomeria, knit and consolidated into massive proportions, through the long centuries: in the woodland violet, exquisite, frail, but bearing in its tiny heart the very breath of heaven: in the grand mountain summit, coronaled with clouds, or stars: in every animate and inanimate object. But man, immortal, created in God's image, is the loving exponent of His eternal thought, and though fallen, still the object of His solicitude and the embodiment of His sublime purpose. That he might walk among the stars, by the

HAKONE LAKE

fountains of life, to weep no more, forever in the glory of God's presence, the divine man was lifted up, uniting heaven and earth in himself, the Living Way. The history of missions is therefore, a record of the triumphs of the cross of Christ and the progress of His kingdom. His instrumentalities are the most humble that could be employed; that the power and glory may be all His own, I Cor. I. 26; 27,28. It is the "sweet, old story" that moves the savage heart to tenderness; that softens and breaks the adamantine heart; that bows in humble penitence the kingly heart, that rings through the world today with heavenly pathos and power, revealing to man the thoughts of God. It is the cross of Christ that has transformed the world; and the sweet, old story, repeated over and over by mortal lips, has awakened responses in these human hearts, attesting the power of religion through its messengers, In those early days, nearly a quarter of a century ago, evangelistic work was impracticable and the homes of the people inaccessible. Foreigners were not permitted to leave the open ports without a government escort, so that the work of missionaries was greatly restricted. But a tidal wave from the Western world reached these shores, bearing upon its crest the germs of a new life, now producing an abundant harvest. The desire for intellectual culture was awakened in the minds of many and the study of the English language became a national enthusiasm. This opened to the Japanese the word of God, which had not yet been translated into the vernacular, and was therefore, a sealed volume. It unfolded its treasures slowly but richly to some seeking souls; for even in those times of peril there were a few

who accepted the truth and loved it better than life. About twenty years ago, my first evangelistic trip was made to the village of Hakone, situated upon a mountain, from which it takes its name. It is celebrated in history and poetry; rich in reminiscence of the past, and in scenery inimitable. Tiny lakes nestle among the higher hills, and one especially, whose waters lave the shores of the village, is a perfect gem. It is about five miles in circumference; blue as the empyrean, awake to every touch of nature, crested with foam or reflecting in its pellucid depths the mountain verdure or the giant form of Fujiyama just beyond its extreme shore. Under the dual government, woman was not permitted to desecrate the mountain pass with her footsteps or her presence; but it is said that one of that unfortunate sex, actuated by the spirit of reckless adventure, entered the forbidden precincts of the village by swimming across the lake, and thus accomplished what had never before been done. Undoubtedly when the daring feat was discovered an appropriate penalty was inflicted, and the heroine made an example of warning to all her weak and suffering sisters. We left Yokohama in "jinrikisha" and arrived late at night at the foot of the mountain, where we remained in a hotel until the next day. The ascent was made in kago (mountain baskets), which are no novelties to mountain travelers in these Oriental countries. As we ascended higher and higher toward the summit, towards the blue sky, new phases of scenery were constantly presented. We reached our destination in six hours, although in these more modern days the ascent is made in less time. We had no difficulty in

obtaining rooms at a native hotel, where I opened meetings for the villagers, seeking to lead them to Jesus. There was in these small assemblies one woman who especially attracted my attention. About forty-five years of age, thoughtful, earnest and attentive, she grasped the truth with the power of faith, inspired by the divine Spirit. She requested me to visit her husband, who was confined at home with a lingering illness, and tell him about Jesus. Accompanying her I was ushered into the invalid's room, he attempted to rise at my entrance, but as I earnestly protested against it again assumed the recumbent position. He did not so readily comprehend the new, strange teaching, as his wife had done. But he was tractable and anxious to learn. Slowly, as the light of morning the truth dawned upon him, but he received it and was saved. These were the first fruits of the Spirit in that mountain region, and their names are enrolled among the earliest members of the Union Church in Japan. The man lived five years after his conversion, and then strong in the faith, fell peacefully asleep. His widow became an earnest evangelist. But last autumn she, too, heard the Master's voice calling her to come up higher, and she gladly obeyed the heavenly summons. The mortal remains of these early Christians rest on the mountain top, and the old pines whisper softly above them, but their emancipated spirits dwell in the paradise of God. A short time after, another woman was converted, and her husband also subsequently. They are still living consistently with their Christian profession. Tarrying only a few weeks in the Hakone village, I passed on to a neighboring

town on a higher plateau of the range. Vast audiences assembled from curiosity to see the foreign lady and to hear the strange story she was telling. Among these was an unfortunate man, suffering from paralysis of the lower limbs. In his younger days he had fallen from a great height, and was disabled for life. He was brought on his son's back to our meeting. A new hope sprung up in his poor, weary heart; it was that of redemption through the blood of the Lamb of God. He was converted, and lived faithfully, subject to many petty persecutions, the only Christian in that village for several years. He, too, has departed in the joyful hope of the resurrection morning. We passed down the western slope of the mountain to visit other towns on the route. We descended into the valley, and obtained rooms in the house of a Buddhist priest. That evening we held a meeting, which was well attended, notwithstanding the weather was unpropitious. It had been raining in that region for several days, and early in the morning we were alarmed by a great commotion, which indicated the occurrence of something unusual. An inundation of the river, fed by the mountain streams flowing through the valley, was filling all the low lands and rapidly rising to the second stories of the houses. We were expected to flee with the members of the family where we were stopping, to a store house on the premises, built high and strong to meet such an emergency. Considering it best to venture much and to return immediately, we, with great difficulty, obtained a boat, into which we entered from the very door of the house, and in which we floated over the rice fields through many dangers and cross-

ed the foaming rapid river, under a pouring rain. We were glad to reach "terra firma" on the higher lands and to rest in a native hotel, free from danger; but the work of drying our garments over the coal braziers was slow and tedious. Previous to this visit, twenty years ago, there was not a Christian in all that region; now throughout the valley there are churches with pastors and congregations; while in the village of Hakone, there is a small chapel, and there are thirty Christians lifting up the standard of the cross.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh, Master, when Thou callest,
No voice may say Thee nay,
For blest are they, that follow
Where Thou dost lead the way;
In freshest prime of morning,
Or fullest glow of noon,
The note of Heavenly warning
Can never come too soon."

In the meantime, there had been accessions to our corps: the first was a young lady, who had gone to India under the auspices of our society, and was returning to her native land in very precarious health. She was induced to remain with us; gradually recovering some degree of health: and although never very strong, proving a valuable acquisition to our numbers. Her work was more especially for the Eurasians and among the foreign residents, where it was greatly needed. She remained ten years, and then stricken with paralysis, was obliged to return to America, where she died of the disease, formerly contracted in India. The other two ladies, one of whom was transferred from China to Japan, remained with us only a short time. Their labors, faithful and earnest were crowned with success, and have made impressions which cannot be effaced, though they have departed to their heavenly home. In the year 1875, the eldest lady of the three pioneer missionaries, Mrs. Pruyn, who had been appointed superintend-

ent, was attacked by a climatic disease, from which, she never fully recovered. Her influence had been preeminent in originating and establishing this mission. She did not undertake the study of the Japanese language; but opened bible classes for foreign residents, which were largely attended and appreciated. The value of her work cannot be estimated, but its influence is still known and recognized, she was esteemed and beloved by the Japanese, and will never be forgotten. There were many sad hearts and tearful eyes, when the physicians verdict was given and it was known that her only hope of recovery was in an immediate return to America. But this painful alternative was accepted, as the final resort. When her preparations were completed, she departed, followed by the benedictions and prayers, of those, to whom she had been as a mother or friend. After several years under more favorable climatic influences the disease seemed to have yielded to medical skill. With the desire for the conversion of the heathen still burning in her heart, she accepted an appointment to China, as superintendent of the work at Shanghai, under the auspices of our society. She would have preferred Japan, but that was deemed inexpedient on account of her health. There the disease reappeared and she was again obliged to return home, where she suffered a little, and then entered into glory.

Yea, saith the Spirit, blessed they,
Who on the heart of love repose;
Forever in the golden day,
That neither cloud, nor shadow knows,
They bloom in beauty, as the rose.

Yea, saith the Spirit, and their deeds
Do follow them ; accordants sweet ;
Each grander than the note, which leads,
Until the chorus is complete,
And echoes through the shining street.

Yea, blessed, saith the Spirit, write :
The dead in Him, the Living One ;
Effulgent in His peerless light,
Above the glory of the sun,
They shine—eternity begun !

Yea, saith the Spirit—and the word,
From heaven to earth, like lightning sped :
Forever blessed in the Lord
Are they, who die ; the holy dead ;
And in their steps, their good deeds tread !

Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest
In God's eternal, holy calm ;
Supremely fair—supremely blest ;
For all earths tears, they find sweet balm,
And chant aloud, the grand, new Psalm.

The assistant superintendent, Miss J. N. Crosby, filled the vacant place of her predecessor and directed the affairs of the Home successfully for many years.

CHAPTER IX.

"Friend, why goest thou forth,
When ice hills drift from the north,
And crush together?

The voice, that me, doth call,
Heeds not the ice hills fall,
Nor wind, nor weather."

As the Orient is antipodal to the Occident, so the characteristics, customs and languages of the people are diametrically opposite. The latter estimate their citizens by the number of souls, the former, by the number of *mouths*. The Japanese word for population, being "jinkō," which signifies, "man's mouth." In European countries sons are subject to their mothers, but in this empire, the reverse transpires, even before the boy attains his manhood. Many illustrations of this fact might be adduced, but as they are well known, it is superfluous to mention them. The language, also, is widely at variance with ours, and its acquisition is therefore difficult and laborious. The first words spoken by my lips in this vernacular were "sukoshi mate," which means "wait a little," and occasion often required the repetition of this phrase to my own impetuous spirit, rather than to the natives, who do not value time and are naturally inclined to wait. In those early days, experienced teachers and helps to the acquisition of the language were few and rare, so that the stu-

dent labored under special difficulties, which could be conquered only by patient and persistent effort, there are many requisites to a correct and speedy acquisition of the language. A grammatical knowledge of the student's native tongue is very helpful, as well as are previously formed habits of research and concentrated application. A brain indurated by the solution of difficult problems; exceedingly flexible vocal organs, quick and delicate aural perceptions, and last, but not least, commensurate physical endurance. There is no "royal road," to this goal, but constant plodding, through encouragements and discouragements, unmoved by criticism unaffected by flattery; there should be practical use, even of a limited knowledge, already obtained. The Japanese language is musical in enunciation, and very expressive. The religious vocabulary was at first exceedingly limited, but has been expanded to meet present demands. The conveyance of spiritual truths to the minds of idolaters, is the prerogative of the Omnipotent Spirit, even though using human instrumentalities. They are so darkened; their ideas of religion, so perverted by heredity, education, and environments, that they do not comprehend the significance of the simplest terms, such as purity, truth, or sin and falsehood. They recognize no higher law than that of their national government; no worthier object of adoration than their emperor. Slowly, the light dawns upon some of them, like the morning sunbeams, through the dense vapors of a malarial region, revealing unsavory and poisonous exhalations, dispersed and healed only by the divine illumination and medicaments. They had not seen one ray of that heavenly

light, which, since the blessed resurrection morning, has been shining over the world, even through the mist of mortal tears. To convey the precious gospel to their hearts and homes, is the work of the evangelist. As my time was much occupied with educational work, in connection with our Mission School, evangelistic trips were only practicable during the vacations. Passports were obtained at these times for near or distant places, which were, however, visited under special difficulties, as the facilities for travel were few, while mountains, valleys and rivers presented impediments, not easily surmounted. An earnest request from a small company of native Christians in a northern province to come and help them, elicited a hearty response and the invitation was accepted, accompanied by two of my Bible readers I departed from Yokohama by train, arriving at the terminus of the railway in thirteen hours. Remaining that night at a native hotel; early the following morning we were again, "en route," in jinrikisha. The country through which we passed was devoid of interest, with few natural attractions of scenery, though, in the distance, there were glimpses of mountain summits, piercing the blue skies. In six hours we arrived at our destination; the town of Iizaka, situated upon the eastern and western banks of a celebrated river. There hot mineral waters flow from the rocks, and possessing medicinal properties, are utilized for sanitary and pecuniary benefit. Every hotel has its bath, with private and public rooms, which are seldom vacant, as it is a favorite resort for invalids and pleasure seekers. The river is generally shallow, but is noted for its destructive temper during heavy

IIZAKA

rains. Then, all mountain springs become torrents, rushing with foam and roar, into the bed of the river, which rises rapidly and overflows. It then sweeps away the bridges, by which, it is spanned, houses and every other obstacle in its course. Some years previous to our visit, a great flood had occurred, and a small mountain in the vicinity of the town, containing hot springs, burst open, with a noise like thunder, killing several persons. Incalculable harm was wrought, and many lives, as well as valuable property were lost. Soon after we arrived, heavy rains began to fall, continuing day after day, until much apprehension was excited and measures were adopted for the preservation of the citizens. The hotel, where we were located, was on high ground, and no fears were entertained for our safety.

River at Iizaka

The rain, however, ceased, and only a little harm was wrought upon the lowlands. We remained a week, holding meetings during the days and evenings. Seven persons were converted, and the little company of Christians strengthened numerically and spiritually. From thence, we proceeded to our next station, about twenty miles in the interior. The route was intersected by rivers, swollen with the recent rains and rushing impetuously onward with great velocity. The bridges having been swept away, we were conveyed over them in ferry boats: the feat requiring strength, skill and fearlessness. The strong timbers of the boat trembled in contact with the impetuous current, which threatened to sweep it into the midst of the dangerous rapids. On one occasion, we were obliged to cross a river

by a temporary bridge, loosely constructed of pine bark, so imperfectly joined that through the interstices the river could be seen, in too close proximity for pleasurable emotions. A bamboo rod, fastened to the bridge with wisps of straw, formed the rude hand railing at the side. The Bible readers preceded me, light and fearless, they made the transit successfully. As there was no alternative, I too, ventured out a little way, upon the frail structure, but overcome by sudden weakness paused, and unable to retreat or advance, resorted to the expedient of creeping over, which was accomplished, but to the detriment of my garments. No one could come to my rescue, nor offer a friendly hand, as the bridge was too narrow and weak to sustain more than one person. But the end justified the means, for when "terra firma" was gained, it was appreciated. The heat of summer was intense, and especially where we were stationed. The hotel was situated on a low level plain, just in the shadow of high government buildings, so that cooling breezes were debarred from visiting us, and the fresh air excluded. We had come by pressing invitation from the villagers, who wished to hear the message, with which we were commissioned. We opened meetings at the hotel and at private residences, which were attended by prominent citizens and many of different ranks and classes, whose curiosity was excited by the novelty of the movement or by recognition of their own deep needs. Whatever may have been the motive, it was used for the production of the highest results, in the salvation of souls. At first, the subject of our addresses, redemption through faith in Jesus Christ, the Divine Son of the Eternal

Father, was unintelligible to many of them, but became clear and plain as they listened to the glorious truth. It was not with any strong demonstration of repentance and faith that they entered upon the new life, but with calm and deliberate resolution accepted the conditions and were saved, others cast away the golden opportunity, returning to their idols, and senseless incantations, without one thought of the eternal future. But thus it is in all lands of the earth, those, who reject the truth and love a lie, are numerous and incorrigible. But a few precious sheaves were gathered for the Heavenly Garner, and the indestructible seed sown, whose celestial bloom and holy fruits may yet appear. We labored under difficulties, as the season was unpropitious. The rain, which had ceased for a while, again began to fall in torrents, continuing for several days. The first floor of the hotel where we were stopping was removed, and the inmates of the lower story sought refuge in the upper rooms. The water rose higher and higher, gradually menacing life and property. But the windows of heaven were closed and the torrents restrained before much harm was wrought. We remained about ten days, and intended continuing our tour through several places, but received letters from native Christians advising us to take another route, as the eruption of a volcano in that neighborhood seemed imminent. There were rumblings and portentous noises issuing from the mountains, while the earth trembled and the wild animals had fled from that vicinity. Praying for guidance in the emergency and committing our way to Him, who notes the fall of the sparrow, we went boldly forward, through the

threatened region and reached our destination in peace and safety. These were the days of patient sowing, succeeded by the waiting for the harvest season, when the reapers shall gather in the rich ripe sheaves, and chant in harmony the glad refrain, of "Harvest Home." We returned to Yokohama, after an absence of six weeks, enriched with many experiences of the divine faithfulness, love and power.

CHAPTER X.

God's purposes prevail;
His counsels never fail;
Though cycles roll:
Star systems flash and pale,
He holds control,
Supreme o'er mount and vale,
From pole to pole.

It is sometimes as difficult to trace the incipient growth, development and progress of a plan accomplished, a system established, as to note the accretions of atoms in the formation of living, material objects, the process being imperceptible, as maturity is gradually attained. God has His special purposes for every worker and every work in His illimitable universe. It may not at first be discerned, but thread after thread is woven in the loom, until the design of the inimitable Artist is revealed, while the colors flash in the light of His glory, and the fabric, delicate and strong is fashioned and completed. Eighteen years ago, the first member of our Bible Readers' School entered our Home, being, at that time, employed in a secular department. She belonged to the samurai class, which in the old feudal times, occupied a historical place, as military subjects and defenders of their chief, but in the demolition of that ancient system, its distinctions of rank and power were gradually abolished, and its fictitious emoluments annulled.

But the old feudal spirit was not so easily exorcised, for although suppressed, it still dominated over daimios and their retainers, who mourned the loss of wealth and station, but accepted the inevitable. This first member of our Bible Readers' School was constrained to seek employment, which, she found with us. She was a widow, about 56 years of age, retaining the dignity and stateliness of the rank to which she belonged ; her countenance, figure and manner, were typical of those early times. She had become a Christian in former days, and began to serve the Lord, although timid and shrinking, by telling the story of the Cross, and distributing tracts to her people. The purpose to establish a Bible Readers' School, or to open an evangelistic department, did not then, exist in my mind, but the solemn irresistible conviction that a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to me, was the supreme potency, impelling to effort and prayer for the salvation of souls. They heard the truth, often critically, but without demonstration or apparent emotion. Concealment is an element of native education, so that the lights and shades of feeling make no ripple on the surface of the stream, but in obedience to the code of etiquette, are hidden from observation. So even when the heavenly tides swept over their souls they did not fall down and cry out : " What shall we do to be saved !" but waited and deliberately made the choice, which shapes eternity. The work grew, as access to the homes of the people was obtained, and methods developed, pressing upon us with greater intensity, until time and strength were insufficient to meet the large demands. The Bible caderr was convinced in her

RESIDENCE OF FOREIGN MISSIONARY

heart, that she was called to consecrate her life to the service of the Lord, and acting upon the resolution prayerfully made, resigned from the secular department, and devoted all her time to the accomplishment of this important work. Another Christian woman influenced by her example began to tell the story of the Cross to her friends and associates. She came to be instructed in the sacred word, with the intention of joining us in the evangelization of Japan. As we had no accommodations in our Girls' School for elderly women, or Bible readers, an appeal was made to our society in America, for an appropriation to erect a building for that purpose. It was immediately granted, and a neat dwelling in native style, soon occupied the north western corner of our ample premises. From that time to this, an interval of seventeen years, many have entered our corps; some have been married; others have passed beyond the Gates of Pearl, and serve in the Heavenly Temple. There are now five houses, in the same vicinity, appropriated to this department of work, and one hundred and twenty five Bible readers, belonging to our happy company, in the service of the Lord. To tell what the Gospel has done for woman in Japan would require a gifted pen. The portraiture of her past condition compared with that of the present could only he depicted by an inspired artist, presenting as great a contrast, as light to darkness. The fact, so apparent, elicits our profound gratitude and praise to Him, "Who spake and it was done."

CHAPTER XI.

"Who maketh His angels spirits, His
ministers a flame of fire." Psa. 104 : 4.

There are in nature subtle forces which, in God's own time and purpose have been discovered, seized and utilized by the genius of man, for his comfort, wealth and emolument. Japan has profited by these discoveries, for it is now a land of railways, telegraphs and electric lights. Twelve years ago we made our first visit to the Province of Shinshu, which is a mountain region, whose principal towns are built on the high plateau, beyond the Usui Pass. There, Asamagawa, an active volcano, towers upward eight thousand feet, constantly emitting smoke from its crater, and challenging with fiery messages, the stoutest hearts of those who dwell in its vicinity. We ascended the hills in an old stage coach, not built with reference to the ease and comfort of its occupants. The road at first, gradually sloping, becomes precipitous, winding in short and abrupt turns around the mountain. The horses dashed on, when it was possible to move at all, for the mountain streams constantly flowing from the rocks, render it almost impassable, the mud being so deep, that the wheels of the vehicle were often imbedded in the ruts or fastened in the holes. Then the driver had a difficult task to perform ; standing erect, he admonished the jaded horses by a free and unmerciful application of the lash, in obedience to

which, they strained every muscle to extricate us from this dilemma. We were intensely interested, looking for the result, and breathed more freely when the feat was accomplished. On our left was the precipice, somewhat too near to suggest pleasant fancies, although grand and worthy of admiration. It is said that in the later feudal times, a daimio and his family were traveling over this mountain pass with their own private equipage, when the horses took fright and precipitated the carriage and the whole party into the ravine; but that they all escaped unharmed, which if true, was a miraculous preservation, as the precipice is at least two thousand feet in height. Finally, arriving at our destination we were thankful for a quiet place in which to rest and collect our thoughts, for we had been considerably shaken by the journey. We found a small church edifice at Ueda; but the members few and the work slow and difficult. We held meetings in the church, or at the residence of Christians, which were well attended and prolific of some results. About five miles from that place there lived a solitary Christian; he sent a messenger to us with an earnest request to visit his home, where he intended to gather his family, relatives, friends and neighbors; that they might have this opportunity of hearing the Gospel message. We accepted the invitation gladly, and many for the first time heard the story of redemption for fallen man. We remained about ten days, becoming much interested in the people and identified with their spiritual welfare. We have since frequently visited that region. About six years ago a tramway was laid over this mountain pass, but was not

very successful for various reasons. More recently a private enterprise was projected of building a railroad over that route, which was accomplished. It is a most skilful specimen of engineering, as it is almost entirely built through the mountains. There are twenty-seven tunnels; the passage through the longest of these requiring ten minutes. The intense darkness of these caverns, relieved only by the red glare of the train lights, which burn luridly through the vapors, the terrible reverberation from the rocks of every sound, and the consciousness that the way is precipitous, are not calculated to induce drowsiness. We visit that region every year to attend a meeting for Christian women, held annually at some appointed town and place. We also have there a station for regular work. Down in the valley also, the Lord is raising up witnesses to his truth. He makes the wilderness to blossom as the rose, while from the barren rocks living fountains flow, refreshing and fertilizing the desert places.

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, Lord, revive Thy work
In the midst of the years;
In the midst of the years
Make known!"

There are crises in the history of nations, the culmination of events, imperceptibly, but surely leading to them as the rivers flow into the sea, or the movements of heavenly bodies produce transits. There are crises in the annals of the church, which signalize distinct epochs, and lift them into prominence. Such are some of the great revivals that have swept like the rushing wind from Heaven, and burned like Pentecostal fire into the very currents, stirring its silent depths, and investing it with irresistible power. It is a long and deadly calm, in which, no wind blows; it is a long and dangerous drought, in which, no rain falls; a profound and fearful winter, which breaks not forth into spring, with its heavenly tides of warmth, its glory of golden buds and tinted leaves, the promise of fruition and abundant harvest. Cycles have revolved since the stern old prophet of Israel prostrated on Carmel, waited the promise of abundant showers, which, the little cloud, no larger than a man's hand contained, and expanding covered the heavens with its ebon veil, deluging the thirsty earth till every living creature revived and was satisfied. But the material fountains could not penetrate the hard, cold

crust of unbelief and idolatry, with which the nation was invested, and though in the splendor of divine revelation, when the fire from Heaven fell, the vast multitude prostrate at the feet of the Omnipotent, exultingly exclaimed: "Jehovah, He is God!" a deadly silence and relapse succeeded, and their adamantine chains remained unbroken. From that event, nearly a millenium passed before the Pentecostal tide swept downward from on high, filling the Jewish capital with its supernatural symphony, never heard excepting then, by mortal ears, and the divine fire of the Sevenfold Spirit, one in the Eternal Trinity, appeared as burning, shining tongues of flame. The disciples had waited only ten days, when their brows were crowned with the halo of light, and they were permeated with the power and glory of the new life. Since the establishment of the church on earth, Pentecost has been repeated in gentle, but vivifying showers, while yet the grand fulfillment of the olden prophecy tarries, when earth shall respond to heaven, and heaven to earth in a mighty jubilee, the orchestral chorus of worlds, emancipated and redeemed. The Christian church in Japan had been established about ten years before a rivival occurred. This was preceded by the intense desires and earnest prayers of a small company of foreign missionaries, recognizing the great need of the work and the utter inefficiency of human effort to produce results. A contract was written and presented to foreign and native Christians for their consideration and endorsement. Sixteen years have passed, but the original document has been preserved, of which, the following is an exact copy.

"I agree to pray every morning for three months from this date (God helping me) for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon Tokyo and Yokohama; upon all Christian labor and laborers throughout Japan"—July 12/81.

The document was signed by thirty six foreigners, a few of whom, were missionaries, and by thirty eight native Christians. The sweet, rich, blessed experience of that brief season of waiting upon the Lord, individually and unitedly can never be described in mortal language. The very heavens above us were golden with effulgent brightness, and the love of God was shed abroad in our hearts by the divine Spirit. But at the expiration of the three months only a little cloud appeared, arising out of the infinite depths of God's love, and the covenant was renewed for another term of the same duration. Then the heavenly showers descended and the waiting spirits of God's redeemed were refreshed and vivified, blossoming into living beauty and coronaled with the joy of the Lord, which is perpetual strength. It was a grand awakening, the revival of the church of Christ in Japan, and many were added to its members, of such, as should be saved.

CHAPTER XIII.

Press on-press on,
To regions still beyond ;
Where sets the sun.
With crimson glory crowned ;
Still sow the seed in toil, and weep ;
For golden harvests thou shalt reap.

The mountain passes and rivers of Japan, are prominent features in its physical conformation. In many instances they form the lines of demarcation between the provinces, into which the country is divided. The former, like grand impregnable fortresses, withstand the convulsions that shake the earth, and leave their terrible impress on the lowlands, but bow their lofty crests to the artificial innovations of civilization, in its irresistible progress. Few of the rivers are navigable, but many of them are utilized as mechanical forces for manufacturing and industrial purposes. They contain neither gold, nor pearls: but afford excellent fish, valuable as a staple article of diet. These mountain passes and rivers possess individual characteristics and interest, not only as conspicuous objects in the unrivalled scenery; not only as indubitable evidences of the volcanic origin of these islands, but as historical tablets of ancient and modern times. The rivers are more immutable, than the mountain passes, for while, the latter have in many instances, become highways of traffic and of

travel, the former roll on, untouched by the implements of the artizan, unaffected by the devices of a progressive people. There is a long line of hills, about three hundred miles, S. W. of Yokohama, which in former times defied the sturdy efforts of pedestrians or travellers in vehicles, but over which, a government road has latterly been made. Until that time, few foreign missionaries had visited the interior towns in that region, which was enveloped in the sombre shadows of idolatry and superstition. About seven years ago, when the road was still quite new, and not yet hardened, our first trip over that route was undertaken, in response to an urgent request from the evangelist, resident in that vicinity. The first day's journey was made by train, over a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, where we rested until the following day. The third class railway carriages are neither pleasurable nor comfortable, but economical, the fare being only half that of the second class. An opportunity is also thus afforded for the proclamation of the gospel message. There were more than fifty persons in the same car with us, but frequently changing at the different stations on the route. Various methods are adopted for the introduction of the subject nearest our hearts, salvation, full and free. Carefully, or abruptly presented, it is usually received with polite attention. It is difficult to raise the voice, above the hissing of the steam, and the jarring discords incident to these railways, but the Holy Spirit can render even this imperfect service effectual to the propagation of the truth, and the salvation of souls. We entered into conversation with those sitting near us, and distributed tracts to be

considered at leisure. The next morning we continued our journey in jinrikisha, over the new road, which, owing to heavy rains, was almost impassable. At certain places, the united strength of four or five men was required, to lift the vehicle out of the mud, in which it sank and was deeply imbedded. We arrived at our second station, weary but desirous of doing something for the advancement of the truth. We found one Christian residing there, and promised on our return to visit that place and another in that vicinity. The following morning our journey was resumed, nothing of interest occurred during the day, but after riding seventeen miles in torrents of rain, we entered Nakatsugawa, a flourishing city, the metropolis of that region. That evening, after prayer and consultation, the programme for work was arranged. The following morning we held a meeting at the hotel, for Christians, at which, they were present, though few in number, and thus, the opportunity was afforded for extending to them the hand of fellowship, and of uniting with them in prayer and praise. In the evening, we held a public meeting and addressed a large and intelligent audience, assembled from curiosity to see the foreigner, or the recognition of some great heart need, seeking for satisfaction. The rain had not ceased, but did not deter many from attendance on that occasion. Much interest was evinced, whose results hereafter may appear. Sunday morning dawned in brilliant beauty; in striking contrast with the preceding days. The morning service was for the people of the hotel, and was well attended. In the afternoon, the Christians gathered at the public meeting place, and listened to an ad-

dress on cross-bearing, Luke 9 : 23-25. In the evening the same place was filled with a large, promiscuous audience, attentive and interested. At the close of the meeting, there were some who came forward and purchased Bibles to read and study, thus preparing the way for a work of grace in their hearts. "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, till he receive the early and the latter rain!" Intending to visit some neighboring towns, we were accompanied by the evangelist, as guide and helper in the work of the Lord. The route was new to us, and we knew not the difficulties of the way, soon we arrived at a steep hill; the acclivity of acclivities. In order to ascend all the osseous system was taxed to the utmost of endurance; all the joints to the greatest extent of their pliability; and the brain to the limit of its ingenuity, to sustain and guide the members in their arduous undertaking. At last, by steady plodding and patient perseverance we reached the summit of the hill, and rested for a few moments at a rude tea house, erected for the accommodation of such weary travellers. For three miles, after this, we encountered many impediments and difficulties, the way being impassable to any, but resolute pedestrians. The remainder of the journey was comparatively easy, and the scenery magnificent. On one side of the narrow path, huge boulders of rocks, as if broken off and tossed together, were piled up in wild, artistic forms, to the very sky, arching above the massive mountain, blue and serene. On the other side, the Kisogawa, a celebrated river flowed on its winding course, reflecting the azure of the placid heaven, flecked

with foam, as it dashed over the rocks, in its bed. Beyond that, a long chain of mountains locked together in fantastic shapes, were prominent objects of the unrivalled panorama, so lonely and grand, through which a voice seemed to whisper. "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him!" We passed through small settements, among the hills, or on the plain, neat and picturesque, presenting every aspect of comfort and ease, inhabited by farmers, mechanics, or manufacturers, thrifty and flourishing. This part of the journey was performed in a jinrikisha, my companions having gone on foot, by a shorter route. We stopped only once by the way, and the opportunity was improved for the proclamation of the Gospel message, which, heard by the inmates of the house for the first time; was dimly comprehended. As the evening shadows were slowly settling upon the hills, and we had not reached our destination, our journey was resumed. Finally, we reached a short hill, at whose base the river flowed, in a little alcove, where, its lovely waters were confined. Here the road terminated and there was no path around the inlet, nor boat, in which, to cross to the opposite shore. Many uncomfortable thoughts were suggested by the predicament, and my utter helplessness was recognized, in that lonely hour and solitary place, the assurance came with power and consolation: "Lo, I am with you alway!" A boat suddenly appeared, putting off from the opposite shore and coming swiftly toward us. We were finally conveyed over the water, and still moving onward, reached our destination in a pouring rain. My companions, the Bible

readers, were impatiently awaiting my arrival, disturbed and anxious at the long delay. They said; "We were praying for you, constantly!" The meeting at our hotel, held in the evening, was largely attended by the citizens; more than 200 persons being present, the Parable of the Prodigal Son was the subject of my discourse; for it conveys a lesson, unlimited by nationality; broad as the earth and universal as humanity. The audience evinced interest and emotion; and an aged man, sitting near the speakers stand, wept, at this touching representation of the love of God for lost and alienated man. The worship of the sun prevails in that region, while the inhabitants do not kiss their hands to the rising orb of day, but bow and clap them in salutation, as his golden crest appears above the Eastern horizon; thus deifying the creature and ignoring the infinite Creator. We visited another town and held a meeting, at which, a large audience gathered and heard of Him who died for them, till then unknown. The following day we departed, en route for our former station, Nakatrugawa, stopping once by the way to hold religious services, and then proceeded on our journey as we were expected at the latter place in the evening. Here, the Christians had arranged for a Shimbokkwai, a social entertainment which they greatly enjoy, but the first ever held in that interior town. We arrived in time to change our wet garments, as we had been travelling through the rain, and had crossed a river in a leaky old ferry boat, in which we could not approach the shore, but were obliged to abandon it, and reach terra firma by means of some large stones; stepping cautiously from one to the other, and so landed safely.

The social entertainment was opened with prayer and a hymn, succeeded by short addresses appropriate and entertaining. A young girl about 13 years of age, rose modestly and gracefully, to relate a story, which she had read in Japanese, translated from a foreign newspaper. The substance was as follows, the application and moral being original: A man, who was addicted to intemperance had an intelligent and faithful dog. One day, when he was intoxicated his house took fire, while he unconscious of danger, was shut up in his room. The dog, awake and alive to the imminent peril of his master, sprang to the door of the room in which the inmate lay, in a state of stupor. Trying again and again, to open the door from the outside, he barked and cried piteously, but to no avail. The flames drew nearer and nearer, but the faithful beast did not abandon hope, and retaining his position perished by the door, outside the room, in which his beloved master was burned to death, moral: We ought to seek with the same loving zeal to rescue the perishing." Some native and foreign games succeeded these short addresses, until refreshments were served. These consisted of *sushi*, cake and tea. The first is a favorite dish with the Japanese, compounded of rice and fish, seasoned with vinegar, flavored and ornamented with strips of ginger and lotus roots. The entertainment closed with prayer and singing, when the guests dispersed and left us to the rest, which, we greatly needed Many of the visitors at the hotel who had gathered about our doors, listening to the addresses, hymns and prayers, as well as observing the pure, simple nature of the entertainment, were undoubtedly impressed with the social

joyous element of our blessed religion. On the following evening we held our farewell meeting in the place, and the word was the power of salvation, unto all who received it. The following day was fine and propitious, the air, no longer balmy, was cold as winter, although it had been warm as July. So sudden are the changes of temperature that occur in this climate, especially in the spring and autumn. Our next station was Oi, a city of importance in that region. There were two professing Christians resident in the place, at whose house the meeting was held that evening. So large an audience assembled, that the floor gave way, happily without injury to any one, being the lower story. But wherever the Lord Christ is lifted up, the Crucified, Risen, Ascended, Glorified Redeemer; hearts are drawn unto Him. The next day, the Buddhist priests, being greatly excited, went to a neighboring city and employed some young men to lecture on Buddhism, for the purpose of expelling Christians and opposing the progress of Christianity. But their efforts were foiled. Oi, is a town on the Nakasendo, an inland road from the southern capital, Kyōto, to the eastern, Tōkyō. It is a great thoroughfare for travelers, and may become a highway for the dissemination of Christian truth, literature and influence. On Saturday, we resumed our journey. The mountain road was pretty good, the weather being favorable and our progress was, therefore, comparatively rapid. At one place, where a bridge which had been constructed of trees and earth, had been overthrown by the wind or water, we were obliged to wade through the stream, which it once spanned, we reached our next station, Iwa-

mura, about two o'clock and pursuing our way, after a brief interval of rest arrived at Kamitoye, a farming village, where, we were due that afternoon. This is a place of some note, being the residence of a few prominent men, and among them, a physician, who is interested in religion. The meeting was held at his house, and a large proportion of the population assembled, giving respectful attention to the subject presented. After the meeting, the host made and served an aromatic cup of tea, which was gratefully received. We then returned to Iwamura, intending to remain there, in order to hold religious services on the following day, Sunday. As we had been advertised to hold a meeting that evening, although we had not intended to do so, being very weary, we coincided with the programme. It was held in the largest house in the village, from which all the shōji had been removed, thus making one large audience room. Mr. Kato, the evangelist opened the services with prayer and reading of the scriptures, then the young Bible readers addressed the audience; but as the young people present were whispering and laughing to the discomfiture and embarrasment of the speakers, it seemed best to discontinue. At my suggestion, Mr. Kato informed them that the foreign lady declined to address them then, but would be happy to do so on the following evening, and that he would instead give them a brief discourse on Christianity. As soon as the announcement was made, the audience rose én masse, groaning, shouting and laughing, and were about to disperse, when, I sprang to my feet, and began to address them. They all returned and sat down, quiet and respectful, until the last word was

spoken, the last prayer offered, the last hymn sung, there was profound silence in that assembly. On Sunday afternoon, we held a meeting at which only 50 persons were present in the rooms at our hotel. In the evening we conducted services at a public hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity, and every inch of standing room near it occupied; about 800 persons being present. They required no admonition to be silent, preserving the attitude of listeners from first to last. So we thanked God and took courage, believing that the Living Word, sharp, powerful sweet and tender, had begun a work which would be accomplished in many souls. Iwamura is an interior town of considerable importance; its streets are long, narrow and crooked, its buildings distinctively Oriental, as foreign innovations have not yet found their way so far into the interior. Its business, mercantile, farming and legislative seems flourishing, but a spiritual pall envelops its citizens in intense darkness, which only the brilliant light of the gospel can dispel, at that time there was not one Christian in the place. On Monday, we started on our homeward journey. The rain was pouring in torrents, the road was narrow, rocky and circuitous, following the windings of a river, which swept along at the foot of a range of mountains, full of whirlpools and cascades, while the hills beyond were terrible and sombre beneath the clouds and under the heavy rain. Remembering the promise made to visit the towns at the terminus of the mountain pass, on our return route, our plans were laid with reference to its fulfillment. Arriving there, we stopped at the hotel and found that we were expected. Our appointment for that

evening was at a town about two and a half miles off from the main road. It was a stronghold of Buddhism, the priests of that system assertingsupremacy over the souls of the people, whom they held in bondage. The night of our visit was unpropitious, as a storm of thunder and lightning, with a downfall of rain burst upon us, but did not deter us from our purpose. The difficulties of the way baffle description, but were conquered and we reached our destination in safety. A large audience had gathered, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the meeting was opened. Two of the young Bible readers presented the truth simply, but faithfully, and without interruption. But when the third speaker, an elderly lady arose and began her address, the strong sentiment of opposition to the truth burst forth, and threatened to overwhelm us. Two Buddhist priests, bearing in their hands the insignia of power, a brush of long white hair, with which, they are supposed to exorcise evil spirits, arose from the audience and came defiantly forward to the speakers stand, challenging her statements with rude and arbitrary language. We politely reguested them to desist, and if there were objections and questions to be answered, to defer them till the close of the meeting, when we would gladly hear them. This they declined to do, as it was their policy to suppress or overcome the truth by violence; thus silencing its witnesses. This method has been adopted from time immemorial by the emissaries of the adversary, but inevitably to their own defeat and the triumph of the invincible army. As the voice of the speaker was lost in the general din and confusion, she resumed her seat, a brief interval of silence

succeeded, and improving the opportunity, I rose, and began reading a portion of the Word of God, but had not proceeded far when about thirty persons in the audience rose and joining the priests, who stood near me, raised their voices and shouted: No—No—The evangelist at whose invitation we had come, asserted his right to maintain order, and to protect his lady guests from insult and injury. A conflict of words ensued, which might have resulted disastrously, but for our interposition and quiet assurance. Finding that they could not intimidate us the priests and their associates left the house in a riot, with shouts and menaces, which continued to reach us for some time after their departure. But a large audience remained, to whom, the gospel message was proclaimed. Our return to the hotel at the neighboring village was somewhat uncomfortable, owing to the condition of the roads, and some apprehensions of attack from our angry opponents. But in all the darkness and danger we realized the fulfillment of that promise: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The following evening we held a meeting at our hotel, and were confronted by a concerted movement of the same priests, in larger numbers and with still greater determination. The ringleader came boldly and defiantly forward, to the place where I was sitting, resolved to suppress my testimony to the truth at all hazards. But inspired with fearlessness and courage, my lips were opened and the story of the cross was told, through threatenings and interruptions, which could not prevail. Finding that they were disregarded they resorted

to violence, extinguishing the lights, breaking the lamps and doors, and scattering the audience in a tempest of wrath and fury. But this movement resulted in disaster to the Buddhists, as it manifested the evil spirit of their system, in striking contrast with the purity, patience and sweetness of Christian principles. The following year the ringleaders of this movement were arrested for the commission of some state offence and consigned to prison. Our return journey was devoid of incident; wherever we could speak a word for Jesus, the Spirit gave us utterance; wherever we could distribute tracts, they were politely received, and we reached Yokohama safely after an absence of sixteen days. This evangelistic trip, although covering a distance of several hundred miles was devoid of some trying experiences incident to others. At one time, in order to cross the tempestuous waters of the bay at Bōshū, we were conveyed in a small boat, through the surf that beats on that shore, to the large ship, anchored out in the deep water. As we pushed off from land the boat was carried up on the great waves and then descended with a sweep and plunge, seemingly into the very heart of the deep. We could not approach the large ship, for the waves were running very high, so that we could not be transferred in the regular way; and the method adopted was somewhat extraordinary. A strong man was stationed by the window in the ship, and extending his hands, we placed ours in them and were drawn by force, carefully projecting and bending our heads on a line with the window, and passed through that narrow aperture. Had there been any want of confidence or assurance, on our

part, or of strength in the other party, we should have fallen into the sea, without the least possibility of rescue from its foaming waters. It was therefore an occasion for gratitude and praise, when the last one was safe within the steamer. This is not an isolated instance, but has been repeated several times, differing only in some minute details. But never has His promise failed, but goes ringing on, with its heavenly melody, in this weary world: "Lo I am with you alway."

CHAPTER XIV.

We learn from records of the past
The things that we should know,
How God has tempered the rough blast,
Or made the flowers to blow.
How He has wrought in mart and field,
That they may wealth and profit yield.

In the second year of Meiji, A. D. 1869, an enterprise was projected by a private company in Japan, through which, the whole country has been greatly benefited and brought into closer proximity with Occidental cities on the Pacific coast. It was the construction of solid ground out of marsh lands, as the site for a settlement. These lands, lying south of Tokyo, bordered on Mississippi Bay, and had never been utilized; it was therefore proposed to excavate a canal whose ramification should supply a thoroughfare for the passage of boats, and out of the excavated earth to fill in and indurate the marshes, thus preparing a site for a sea port town. The project was undertaken at immense expense and labor, and at first but partially accomplished. Four principal streets were constructed at the expiration of a year, the main body of the canal finished, and the Bluff prepared for the residence of foreigners, when the company failed and disbanded. But they have left an enduring monument of their liberality, enterprise and progressiveness, through the

beginning of the work, finally crowned with success, whose results are apparent. Subsequently, the enterprise was resumed by individual capitalists, who, in process of time, widened and improved the principal streets, made others, excavated additional branches of the canal, built bridges, and filling in all the marsh lands, completed the site for the city now known as Yokohama, the principal sea port of Japan. The main street extends from east to west, parallel to the coast line of the bay, consisting of ten divisions, foreign and Japanese. Business houses, banks, hotels, offices and churches have been erected, till the town presents the appearance of a cosmopolitan metropolis, a combination of the Orient and Occident, modernized by foreign innovations and supplied with commodities from various parts of the world. Had the dual government and feudal system continued, the spirit of enterprise and progress would have been suppressed or stifled, and Japan unprepared to occupy a place among the nations of the earth.

The present Emperor of Japan is greatly beloved by his people, and worthy of honor in his liberal administrative policy. One fatal mistake casts its huge black shadow over his own life and that of his country, the retention of his heathen system, involving the idolatrous worship of his ancestors. His courtesy to foreign residents and just regard for their rights as well as the protection extended to them in seaport or interior towns, are recognized and appreciated by those who have long enjoyed these hospitalities and advantages.

Yokohama, built upon artificial land might seemingly

be subject to those changes and convulsions, which have overthrown and destroyed other cities; but has not as yet suffered severely. Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence, and sufficiently heavy to shake the nerves, and lend celerity to the feet, terrifying human kind, but not otherwise notable. The strongest known in this place, occurred on June 17th 1893, by which buildings were demolished and about 20 persons killed or wounded. In 1857, the eastern capital Yedo was disturbed by a seismic convulsion, in which it is affirmed that 60.000 persons perished. More recently in 1891, on the 29th day of October, the province of Gifu was shaken by a great earthquake, whose magnitude and horrors shocked the civilized world. The earth was rent asunder in seams, fissures and awful chasms; the wells and cisterns stopped with clay, sand or other soil, houses overthrown, while the terrified inhabitants, fleeing, they knew not whither, fell prostrate to rise no more, or caught by the falling débris were held to feed the fires which burst out in many places, from broken lamps or hibachi. It is estimated that 8000 persons perished in the calamity. Remnants of families, survivors of the awful wreck wandered among the ruins, weeping, shouting, calling in vain, for those who had been stricken down in death; or stood in hopeless agony by their wounded and dying ones, unable to rescue them or alleviate their sufferings. This continued through dark, terrible, uncertain nights, through long wearisome days, the earth beneath their feet, shivering, trembling, rising, falling, like a ship in a perilous storm at sea. With all the instincts roused to flee for safety, but no

refuge at hand, the sufferers waited in terrible expectation of some greater calamity. When living they might be entombed, or consumed in some new conflagration. Deterred by forebodings and distress, there was neither consultation, nor purpose for action, but with the subsidence of the seismic convulsion, confidence was gradually restored, and measures were adopted to supply the needs of the survivors as the winter was rapidly approaching, the inclemency of the weather necessitated the construction of places of shelter. Rude huts were built of earth, straw or wood, poorly adapted to the purpose, but far better than none, and the only resort in the pressing distress and want. The government appropriated a sum of money for the relief of these sufferers, but through corruption or laxity of distribution, the purpose was but poorly accomplished. Receiving from home a few hundred dollars for their benefit, I visited the scene of the disaster three months later. No photographs, no descriptions, have ever presented the reality in its hideous and awful aspect. A snow storm added to the discomfort, drifting through the crevices of the poorly built huts, adding to the suffering of the inmates, and rendering the roads nearly impassable. As we went out to inquire into the condition of the sufferers, and to find those who were most needy, we were covered with a white mantle of the falling snow, which did not conduce to our comfort or welfare. But the distressing objects on every side so engaged our attention, that these trifling discomforts were disregarded. There were cold, hungry, destitute, suffering human beings, appealing to our deepest sym-

pathies and ability to relieve. Learning and writing the names of those to whom we were directed, we invited them to our hotel in the evening. They came according to appointment, as well as many others, who had not been called, till our rooms, and the entire premises were filled to the utmost limit. They were told of the great remedy for sin; the consolation sweet and true, through the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ. After these services, the money was distributed in small sums, and the crowd dispersed quietly, under the supervision of the police, who were in attendence to preserve order. This was repeated for three successive days and nights; as we went out among them, or gathered them into our rooms ministering to them, spiritually and materially. It is said, that the moral condition of the places destroyed by the earthquake resembled that of the ancient cities of the plain, and the judgment was just.

But the earthquake is not the only physical foe of this Island Empire. There are devastating floods, which convert fertile valleys into uninhabitable wastes, blooming gardens into marshlands and populous cities into mausoleums. Such was that which occurred in the 22 nd year of Meiji, previously to the great earthquake at Gifu. The scene of the disaster was S. W. of Yokohama, on the coast of the Inland sea, near the Izumi straits. It is a mountainous region, in the midst of rivers, constantly fed from the upper and nether springs. At that time rain fell for days without intermission, filling the rivers, till all the lowlands were flooded, and houses built upon them were swept away, while the terrified and stricken

UWAJIMA DESTROYED BY A FLOOD

inmates fled to the hill tops for safety. But the water rising rapidly, and augmented by the sea, which seemed to burst its barriers and sweep inland, cutting off all hope of escape, so that many perished without remedy. The entire town of Tanabe was submerged and irrevocably destroyed. The suffering of survivors was intense, and many were interested in assisting and relieving them. Having also at that time, received a small sum of money for distribution among these unfortunates, I visited the place soon after the occurrence, in company with two Bible Readers. We were en route for Shikoku, a western island of the group, but made this digression in favor of those, who had been rendered homeless by the great flood. The scene was beyond all portraiture. We carried the gospel of salvation to their perishing souls, and a little help for their physical needs; the latter gratefully accepted, the former only appreciated, desired and received by the few, who recognized the existence and demands of our higher nature, and were thus prepared for the divine revelation. A most earnest pastor and his wife, stationed there, in charge of a small church, heartily cooperated with us in the work of the Lord. Our meetings were largely attended and prolific of some results.

The very last and greatest in the category of physical phenomena was the seismic wave, that swept over the shores of the N. E. Provinces of Japan, in the 29th year of Meiji, June 25th. It may be accounted the most fearful cataclysm in the history of this epoch. The account of this disaster, as well as the statistics of destruction and death, are known to all the

world .It is estimated that 30.000 persons were prostrated by this giant foe, within the brief interval of ten minutes. .A sudden flash of the electric current from the cloudless sky, without a moments warning, could not have wrought more complete destruction, than this sea monster, which swept over 250 miles of coast line, like a solid battalion, impetuous, irresistible and inevitable, this awful casuality is still fresh in the minds of all who are cognizant of passing events, and no more sombre shades, nor lighter tinting can be added to the picture, than exist in reality. Whatever development may be in the future; whatever progress may be attained, whatever destructions pending, the church of Christ is formed upon the Rock of Ages, substantial, irrifragible, invincible and immovable.

CHAPTER XV.

Tanahashi O Chiye san was born in the eleventh year of Meiji, at Owari, in a western province of Japan. Her

TANAHASHI CHIYE

native place was devoid of interest, physically or historically; being an agricultural district. But in the spring time, the uguisu a small bird re-embling the nightingale makes its home in the trees and sends forth its sweet strange song in a liquid minor strain like the ripple of a silver bell, or the hawk sweeps through the air, with its note of derisive laughter, intent on the pursuit of prey. Later in the season, the cicada, with its wonderful instrument of music, not unlike a jewsharp, sharp and shrill, exists a brief interval or falls into the clutches of its enemies; The sweet flag and fleur de lis bloom by the water's side in purple gold or white; and the peony unfolds its silken petals, of delicate magenta or deep crimson; for throughout the wide world the beneficent creator has diffused His ornaments and revealed His own loveliness in the minute forms of living bloom, aerial or terrestrial, that adorn His universe. O Chiye san's father who was a farmer, maintained his large family consisting of five boys and three girls, by the cultivation of rice and other productions, which, in favorable seasons, yielded an abundant supply for all their material needs. Her mother, thrifty and industrious, performed her part in the household economy, and the young family grew in years and strength towards maturity.

Buddhism prevailed throughout that region, advocated and sustained by those, who had been educated in its false and impious system. The father's elder sister, infatuated to the highest degree, had devoted herself to the service of the Buddhist temple. Her influence was supreme in the large family and social circle. The two elder daugh-

ters attracted by her zealous example and desiring to escape the follies and pollutions of this evil world, decided to enter the monastery, and accordingly, to their present and eternal loss, retired to a Buddhist temple, to find, as others have done under different systems, their rose tinted hopes of peace and happiness shattered like crystal vases, with the rude touch of base reality.

O Chiye san was not distinguished for beauty, but her figure was slight and graceful; while her countenance, lighted by intelligence, softened by pensive thoughtfulness, was sweet and attractive. As her aunt portrayed in glowing colors, the value of an unselfish life, devoted to Buddha and its rewards, she was deeply affected and resolved to become a nun. At the early age of nine, she entered upon this course and sitting at the feet of her beloved aunt was initiated into that heathen system, which in some of its pernicious tenets, bears a striking resemblance to Roman Catholicism.

After a season of preparation, she was considered competent to perform some of the services pertaining to her calling. She was often summoned by the family of one deceased, to visit the house and pray for the soul of the departed. The Buddhist heaven, a fiction, is designated "Gokuraku," "Exceedingly peaceful," or "Oblivion seated on a lotus blossom." O Chiye san thus engaged in these futile attempts to waft the departed spirit into the bliss of nonentity, performed her part zealously, praying also that the surviving relatives might escape all the misfortunes, incidental to this mortal life, and enjoy a prolonged existence to the utmost limit of human pos-

sibility. Sometimes she sat by the pillow of the dead striking a bell and drum, to guide the spirit on its way to Gokuraku. Or, reiterated again and again the senseless invocation: "Namu Amida Butsu," I adore thee, oh eternal Buddha," that all the sins, committed by the departed might be cancelled. She was frequently occupied in this way for three days and nights without rest, or intermission. To prevent the return of the spirit, transmigrated into a dog or some other undesirable creature, she placed bowls of rice and vegetables before the tablet, on which the name of the dead was inscribed, beating the gong bell and drum, at intervals, with solemn and musical emphasis. Many thoughts were suggested to her mind, many emotions awakened in her young heart, and she grew older than her years. But God's purpose was sweeter and nobler than that she had formed, and was soon to appear, and the terrible earthquake was one of the instruments of its accomplishment.

In the 24th year of Meiji, Oct. 28th, there occurred that awful upheaval of the earth in her native town and vicinity, which occupies a conspicuous place in the record of physical phenomena. Without a moments warning, or premonition, the strong invisible current moved upward, carrying with it, the earth, and objects on its surface, again to sink, carrying them downward, in a mass of debris; or seaming, scarring, rending the earth into chasms and abysses, completing the irretrievable ruin. The earth in a vain effort to maintain its balance staggered and shivered, in the conflict between the strong natural laws, and the electric impulsion, which was in-

vincible during its continuance, and every house in the village fell, wounding, killing, burying its inmates in a living death. To heighten the agony and terror of the scene, a conflagration was kindled from the household fires of the early morning, and the rushing, roaring flames unopposed, consumed every inflamable object, and the living beings caught and held in the debris, leaving only their blackened and charred remains. The subterranean noises, the wild roar of the flames, the cries of supplication and agony, confused and maddening, filled the air with their horrible discord. The temple, in which, O Chiye san and her aunt were living was moved from its foundation, and threatened momentarily to fall. O Chiye san intent on saving some of the household goods and utensils, ignored the danger, and was actively engaged, when a part of the roof fell with a crash upon her feet and prostrated her. But strong in youthful vigor and courage she escaped though with great difficulty to a place of comparative safety.

When the earthquake and fire had accomplished their work of vengeance, the earth again subsided and natural law prevailed. Consultations were held and measures adopted for the relief of the wounded and suffering. A temporary hospital was erected, to which, hundreds were removed, and among them our little heroine. The spirit of the living Christ animated His missionaries, native and foreign, to visit and relieve the suffering. O Chiye san then heard for the first time that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life!" It made but little impression upon her mind or

heart, which were thoroughly imbued with heathen Buddhism. The wounds she had received were often painful, but at the expiration of a month were thoroughly healed, and she returned to her aunt.

About that time, the report of my visit to her native town reached her, and she resolved to attend our meetings. Three of the Bible readers and myself filled the engagement for which we were advertised, and addressed an audience of about 800 persons. O Chiye san was present; and the Holy Spirit sealed the word to her heart and she was converted. She then desired to consecrate her whole being to Him who had redeemed her, but how to accomplish this desire knew not.

The way was finally opened for her to enter our Bible readers' corps, to which, her aunt reluctantly consented. She had been in her new Christian home but one week, when her aunt, instigated by the Buddhist priests came to persuade or compel her to return to the temple. But she had not calculated on the firmness of the young convert, just emancipated from the despotism of superstition and idolatry. It was with the persistence worthy of a better cause, that she continued to argue, plead and threaten, for the accomplishment of her purpose, but in vain, for the prayers of God's children prevailed, and she returned as she had come.

A brief interval of peace succeeded, but at the expiration of a month, O Chiye san's elder brother came armed with full authority to convey her home. Of stern and more unyielding temperment than the aunt, he resorted to legal measures. His little sister was accordingly summoned to the Police Station to answer to the

accusation of having become a Christian. She frankly confessed the truth. "Why have you forsaken the religion of your fathers, and adopted the foreign?" Was one of the questions, propounded to her, "I have become a Christian, because Christ died to redeem me," was her fearless, reply. "But Christianity is not for children," said her examiners. "It is for me," she said. Finding no argument to prevail against her she was released. But the brother could not relinquish his purpose and accompanied by the principal officer of the police, came to make a final desperate effort for the recovery of his sister. But he was powerless to prevail against the Omnipotent, in whom she trusted. The officer advised her brother to relinquish his purpose, and to permit O Chiye san to decide according to her own will. He therefore, also departed, leaving his sister to prosecute her studies and to continue in the service of the Lord.

Three years passed away, in which, her character developed in strength and symmetry as she advanced toward maturity. About that time, we were expecting to take an evangelistic trip through that region and were earnestly requested to allow O Chiye san to accompany us that her relatives and friends might see her and be assured of her health and safety. This appeared very moderate and reasonable, but concealed a base purpose of fraud and violence. She therefore went and very soon after her arrival at the hotel, was waited upon by her mother and sister, the latter, taunting and abusing her, in such language as caused the tears to flow in indignation and distress. They left an invitation for her to visit her

home that evening, with the plea that her father was sick. My consent was reluctantly given and only on condition that an elderly woman should accompany her, which was done, but to no purpose ; for O Chiye san was detained and there was no legal appeal or escape from the condition, We were obliged to return to Yokohama without her, but not without hope of her final restoration to us. They assured us that she would come to us, either with or without the consent of her parents.

In the interim the Buddhist priests plied all their arts and persecutions to shake her faith and cause her to apostatize. They cut off her hair, as a pledge that she belonged to them, and threatened her with the subterranean fires of "Jigoku," the Buddhist hell, if she did not accede to their demands. The family were divided in their opinions, the father, mother and uncle favoring her return to the Bible Readers school ; the sister, brothers and aunt opposed to it. Our prayers ascended unceasingly for her, and the answer was not long delayed ; for one bright day she made her appearance, tearful and yet joyful for the victory achieved.

Two years subsequently a young man recently converted desired her hand in marriage, and while in some respects he was inferior to her, there was no good reason for opposition and they were therefore engaged, finally, he proved utterly unworthy ; renouncing the faith which he had voluntarily professed, and severing his connection with the church of Christ. This was a great trial for his affianced, who recognized the fact that she could not fulfil her engagement under these new conditions and dissolved it, in

obedience to her true principles. It was not without a struggle that the promise was cancelled, but the act was inevitable to one who loved right and feared wrong. Six months elapsed, and she was again sought in marriage, by a Christian pastor, an interesting, intelligent and valuable young man, who will, undoubtedly realize in his sweet young bride and wife, all his anticipation of love, happiness and service.

CHAPTER XVI.

The subject of this biography, Iwamura Moto was born under the old administration, twenty four years previous to the abdication of the Shōgun, or A. D. 1843, in the eastern

Iwamura Moto

capital of the empire, Yedo, now called Tōkyō. Her father and mother were of the Shizuoku class, the highest rank, under that of the Daimiyo, in the old feudal times. The family consisted of two boys and eight girls, who were educated in accordance with the national spirit of the times, their rank and future prospects.

The estate was near the castle of the feudal lord, and well supplied with the equipments and luxuries of that remote period. Fruit trees of various kinds grew within the inclosure of its high impenetrable walls; a wide, deep circular pond, well stocked with fish, occupied a prominent place on the premises, while on the miniature mountains, artificially formed, there grew indigenously, a kind of potato, edible either raw or cooked.

Her father governed his household with severity and none dared oppose his indomitable will. The children were trained in the principles of Buddhism, worshiping the spirits of their departed ancestors, and celebrating the idol festivals in the established order and ceremonies. These were principally, that of the star Vega, near the Milky Way; celebrated on the first day of the ninth month, that of the chrysanthemum, flower of the Imperial crest, observed on the 9th day of the 9th month, in honor of its beauty and national significance; that of the goddess of mercy, Kwaunon, who is represented with eleven faces and a thousand hands, with which to bless mankind, to whom, she graciously inclines, in answer to prayer. The festival of this imaginary being was accompanied with much pomp and rejoicing.

The heroine of our sketch desired to propitiate the favor

of the creatures they adored, and therefore according to their superstition refrained from eating salt on the seventeenth day of each month, hoping to obtain answers to her prayers. Thus the years passed uneventfully, but bearing in their silent depths the germs of changes to be developed in later years.

There was no romance of love between young hearts in that stern period of military rule; marriages were arranged by the parents, or relatives of the parties, intimately concerned, for convenience or emolument, to advance or maintain family interests. Iwamura Moto was married when twenty years of age to a man of the same rank and qualifications as herself. During the first years of their married life, three children were born to them; but at the expiration of that period, her father and mother died, a year only intervening between their decease. As the Shogun, upon his abdication received the province of Shizuoka as his personal dominions, he retired to the metropolitan city, followed by his retainers, among whom were those of whom this is written; but in the abolition of the feudal system retained only the pride of their rank, with none of its adventitious accompaniments.

The change of government swept away titles and estates, levelling distinctions irretrievably. But the husband of our heroine was honorably remembered, and in the fifth year of Meiji, was appointed supreme officer of the Judges' Court throughout the empire. He filled the position acceptably for five years, but an insidious hereditary disease, then made its appearance, and after a short illness he died of pulmonary consumption.

The education of the young family then devolved upon the widow, still young and unaccustomed to heavy burdens. At this time Protestant Christianity was making some progress in the open ports, and mission schools, had been established in Yokohama and Tokyo. Two of her daughters were received into one of these institutions where they became firm believers in the Lord Jesus. The elder was subsequently married to a prominent pastor of one of the churches, while the younger breathed out her frail existence in the early morning, and departed in the holy faith. Her sons also were stricken with consumption, which proved fatal.

Thus bereaved, she knew not where to find consolation for her wounded spirit, balm for her inexpressible grief. The only remaining daughter assured her that she would find a panacea, in the love of Him, who died for her, and gradually won her to Him, from whose divine lips flowed forth those tender accents that have been reiterated during the long ages in undiminished sweetness and power: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest!" The command was obeyed and the promise fulfilled. About the nineteenth year of Meiji she was admitted into our Bible Readers' School, where her example, influence and service have been of the highest character. She has during these thirteen years, accompanied me on fifty five evangelistic trips, North, South and West, and her work is highly appreciated.

22158

CHAPTER XVII.

A quarter of a century! Past and still existing; holding in its crystalline depths, irreversible facts, words, deeds, faces and scenes, never to be reiterated, nor reenacted; never to reappear upon this mortal arena, and yet never to be obliterated; living, influential factors in the complicated bewildering drama of life.

They still speak, move, act, as figures in a distant panorama; dark or bright; pleasurable or painful; good or evil, the inevitable product of motives and purposes not yet apparent.

Soon a completed whole
The picture shall appear;
As painted on the scroll,
Through each revolving year.
And not one note of that low chime,
Shall die—e'en with the death of Time,
The music of a life— its joy and pain
Compose eternity's refrain!

And each depicted scene
Of living light or shade,
Exists as it has been
Enacted—ne'er to fade.
Oh Life! Thy mysteries are deep!
But when we waken from this sleep,
The golden morning shall reveal
What now in silence. we must seal!

These twenty five years have been eventful in the history of nations; a minute review of missionary enterprise and its results during this period would be irrelevant to the subject; but the gospel has dispensed its blessings, like the sun, rain and dew over the great human family, linked to the heart of the Infinite in the tender bonds of fatherly love and pity.

Each department of religious service in this Island Empire is tolerated by the government; mission schools; evangelistic and pastoral work; philanthropic enterprises; reformatory organizations move onward but slowly, in the solemn march of Time. While some of the greater impediments have been removed, much yet remains to be contested, overthrown and destroyed. There are still 100,000 Buddhist priests, representing different sects of the degrading system; officiating in their flowing robes; there are temples in every metropolis, new or old, of magnificent architecture, adorned with exquisite mosaics or costly designs; smaller shrines, where the infatuated devotee may bow by the wayside, and worship the chimeras of diseased imagination, or diabolic suggestion; there are general and local idol festivals, celebrated with the glittering pomp that gilds a lie; delusive, blinding and destructive. But as the Amazon pours its broad fresh current into the sea, retaining its identity through adverse surroundings, so Christianity, pure and uncompromising, sweeps on its way, with silent but marked progress, that cannot be repressed nor concealed.

The value and success of a work cannot be properly estimated irrespectively of the difficulties and opposition

encountered. There are 41,000,000 of people in this Empire ; patriotic to a high degree and loyal to their sovereign, whose influence and authority support the ancient systems of idolatry. Many foreign innovations have been introduced, while some pernicious customs are retained.

False doctrines, Universalism, Unitarianism, Romanism, and all those allies of the great adversary of the Truth, have phalanxed their forces against the progress of the kingdom. Some foreigners from Christian countries, sailors or civilians, while in this port, degrade their manhood and disgrace their country with the practise of those vices, whose influence and example are deadly poison. These are a few of the opposing legions, with which the Truth and its advocates contend. These latter are in the minority, subject to unjust animadversions, keen and subtle criticism, misunderstandings and depreciations. But the grand assurance of ultimate and supreme victory animates and sustains them, imparting strength, vigor and joy to their life work.

Our mission school organized twenty six years previously to this date, maintains its position, as a religious educational institution, under the auspices of our society, and the supervision of Miss R. L. Irving. Under the original administration, a term of twenty years, there have been 48 graduates ; who have gone forth to establish Christian homes or assist in other missions ; while under the present principal, several more have received their diplomas, and are occupying positions of trust and usefulness in different parts of the country.

The Bible Readers' School is a center of religious influ-

ence and service; its members numbering 130, pursue a course of biblical study, by which, they are educated for service, and more firmly established in religious principles. They visit the homes of their people, to deliver the gospel message, or address public assemblies, at appointed times and places; minister to the sick and destitute; seek the fallen, proclaiming salvation through our Lord Jesus, to all classes and conditions of their people. They are earnest, prayerful, consecrated women, whom God uses as His messengers for the proclamation of His divine love, and free salvation.

We have now seventeen stations near Yokohama, or at a distance from it, where meetings are held regularly, or by special appointment, and work is organized. At three of these places we have built chapels, with funds contributed by friends in America. These chapels form the nuclei of the churches, here established, with the promise and expectation of growth and progress, as souls are added to the number of the saved.*

One of the pioneer ladies, superintendent of the Home Department, resigned from that office and is engaged in mission work in an interior town.

Such is the brief outline of a mission work, during twenty five years in Japan. But is the record closed? No; for every day new deeds must be inscribed upon its pages, until the last touch be given to the picture; the final note touched in the life long strain; until the rapture and the glory. In the interval the apocalyptic vision is in rapid and minute fulfillment, and at any moment the

* Miss S. A. Pratt is now assisting in this department of work.

'Oh Lord—Almighty God
Thou hast stretched forth thy rod,
And touched the nations, far and wide;
Till Thy great name, they magnified.

'Oh God—Eternal King;
The worlds their tribute bring,
And shining orbs beyond the blue,
Proclaim Thee just, and great, and true!

'Oh God—the Holy One,
Thou hast the vict'ry won;
And as Thy judgments manifest,
Thy ways are excellent and best.

That mighty song like thunder swelling
Through regions vast, where God is dwelling,
In cadence grand and sweet;
His deeds of truth and love is telling
And ev'ry ransomed soul impelling
To worship at His feet.

Original letter, written recently by the mother of the four boys, in the photograph as shown above, and addressed to the author of this book. She graduated with the Class of 1885 from our school, and subsequently married a Methodist pastor.

My ever dear Teacher and Mother:

Your letter written as an answer to my card was received with great joy. It came in the morning as I was reading from the family Bible, you can hardly realize how

glad I was to know that you still love me in spite of my long silence. I read it over and over again and each time tears of gratitude rolled down my cheeks, and it led me to recollect many of my past careless misdoings which must have displeased you a great deal. However I was glad for there were no eyes to see my tears and ask into the cause of them. I really did not mean to lengthen my correspondence with you but it has always occurred to me that if I wrote you at all my forgotten English revealed in the letter would make you grieve. This was the chief reason of my long silence, but by degrees I was made to see that it would grieve you all the more and that it is far better to write in poor English than not at all. Encouraged by this thought I write you freely now, and will tell you what I am doing every day as I am sure you will be interested to know what your daughter is doing away from your direct care and advice. In the first place I am more than pleased to see from your letter that you are well although the weather has been especially cold this winter. It is true I failed to write you, but there was and is not a day passing without my thinking of you, for I read from the family Bible every day and the thought always comes to me "Who gave me this Book, and who taught me to read and understand its meaning"? And I thank God for you and pray that He may long spare your useful life for His glory, and for us your scholars. It is true that in my schooldays, I did not appreciate your kind teachings especially of the Bible quite as much as I do now, and was inattentive many times, but how strange it is that they come back to my memory now and then to help

strengthen my spiritual life. I am sorry to say that much of the English knowledge you so kindly imparted to me has been forgotten partly through want of practice; but the Truth which you have implanted in my heart has taken strong root, and no one can take it away from me. As long as I fear God and walk in His ways you will remain in my memory for "My God" and "My Teacher" have such a strong connection, and I really can not think about the one without being reminded of the other. Indeed I believe nearly all your old scholars who are making their way in this sinful world must often think of you, and the benediction will arise in their hearts "Blessed old Teacher, imparter of the Truth" as I think always. As you may have heard that my husband was called away to work for San Francisco Church year before last. He went there in August and staid till June, but his health failed on account of the climate and he was obliged to leave there for a much smaller place. He is now in Portland Oregon and doing the best he can. But he is kept very busy because his assistant worker has just resigned and he has to do the night teaching besides his pastoral work. The deprivation of my husband became the source of my spiritual blessing. I love him none the less for it, but through his absence and through many experiences I have learned to put my implicit confidence in God and in Him alone. Thus your explanation of Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians about married persons, can not please God as single persons &c., was brought out to my mind in its full meaning. But I see now that even they can please God if they love Him above every thing. This of course I want to do ever if my

husband comes back to me in the future. As for my part I am leading a very peaceful undisturbed life here in this corner of Tokyo. I keep just busy every moment of each day, as I have four mischievous boys to feed and clothe. Till last year I had a servant but now as I do everything alone there seems to be an endless routine of work for me. But by God's special blessing we all keep well both soul and body. I prize the treasures God gave me, and I am very careful that Satan may not avail himself of their young hearts, and I never send them to school without asking God's special blessing upon them. Directly after they come back from school I make them go through their lessons that have been taught them and I give them a short English lesson each day. My eldest boy has gone through two First Readers and is in the middle of another. The second boy has gone through a linen A. B. C. book and one First Reader, and is in the middle of another First Reader. I do not press them too much in English as they have their own Japanese studies, and besides I would rather have them keep the best places in their class. Dictation and Spelling come once a week, and they write every morning for ten or fifteen minutes. The larger two go to school, and the smaller ones to Kindergarten. From 9 to 2 in the afternoon I am alone at home. Every morning after I get all my house work done up I read from the Bible and pray alone. I prize this hour above all hours in the day and my heart just longs for it each day, and it was this time your letter came. The rest of my day is spent in serving, sometimes in washing &c. Half of my evenings are spent in holding evening prayer with the boys,

telling them stories and going over with their arithmetic. After they go to bed I read religious books, for I never allow myself to read any other book as your good advice is ringing in my ears. I have just finished reading "Titus the Comrade of the Cross," and derived much benefit from it as the teachings of Christ, His healing the sick and His awful crucifixion were revealed there in connection with other stories, I was helped to realize them as never I did before. I have a dear friend living in Aoyama and she lets me have nice books to read now and then. Will there be a meeting of Dōsō this year? Last year I did not receive the information. How I would like to take down all my boys to you and ask your blessing upon them. I am determined to do so, God willing, and when it is all right with my light purse. I have not written you of how my children keep the Sabbath day, but as I have written lots I am afraid it will tire you reading so will leave it and the rest till the next time. Now I must say good bye for a short time.

Ever your scholar
Kino Ikeda.

P. S. Please accept the photo of your grand children taken last year.

A HAPPY REUNION

In the year 1898, the oldest scholars of the Kyōritsu Jo Gakko, (Girls' Union School) proposed to hold a reunion at the home of the writer of this book, and assembled on that occasion, January 15th at 10 o'clock A. M. They presented to her a pair of exquisite "Kakemono" designed and executed by Miss Koaii Takemura a celebrated lady artist, now, employed by the government in the princess' school, at Tokyo ; also, a memorial, composed by them originally in Japanese and translated by Prof. Kumano, and Rev'd. Ibuka, a transcript of which is here appended.

Our Beloved Teacher,

It is now almost twenty seven years, since you came to Japan ! How different was the condition of the country then, from what it is today. The new era of Meiji, with the enlightened policy, that has marked its whole course, was only just opening.

Christianity was a forbidden religion and was a thing of shame. It was under the law, as an "evil sect," and throughout the whole land, the prejudice against it was deep-rooted and bitter. As to its true character, the people were kept in utter darkness. They needed the light—the light of the teaching of Christ !

And if the *men* of Japan were in need, no less were *women*. A cry was theirs, like that of the old Macedonian of old "Come over and help us !" You were one of the little group of Christian women beyond the sea, who first distinctly heard that cry ; and obedient to the call, severed the ties of home, crossed the ocean and brought to this land the blessed gospel of Christ.

That was more than twenty six years ago, and during these years marvellous changes have taken place. Many difficulties and trials, also, have they put in your pathway. But in spite of all, you have devoted yourself to the noble work of giving a Christian education to the young women of Japan ; and your work has been crowned with success. Along with your fellow laborers, you have established on a firm foundation, the school that we shall always remember as " Dear Old 212 Bluff." This done, you have resigned your place as teacher, to worthy successors and have given yourself to the work of an evangelist.

You have been our teacher and we have been your pupils. You have been to us as a mother, and we have felt toward you as daughters ; and it is, as daughters, that we have come together today. Once more we gather around you ; we talk over the good old times ; we wish to tell you how much we owe to you.

We are among your first pupils and have brought these two " Kakemono," painted for this occasion by one of ourselves. We beg you to accept them as a slight token of our deep regard and sincere gratitude.

With earnest prayer for your health and that heaven's best blessings may always abound to you, we remain as ever your affectionate friends and pupils.

To Mrs. L. H. Pierson,

Yokohama,
Jan'y 15th 1898.

Sono Kinowaki
Yasu Hishikawa
Koaii Takemura
Kei Okami
Kiyo Fukuzawa

Seki Ibuka
Ken Ema
Sato Yamamoto
Kiku Kumano
Waka Ninomiya

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF KOBAYAGAWA O KYO

I was born in a village in the province of Izu. Dec. 12th 1872. My father was a rich druggist, and he had many houses and ricefields. My mother was the daughter of one of the retainers of Tokugawa. About 30 years ago,

KOBAYAGAWA O KYO

there was a war between Tokugawa and the present Emperor. The former being defeated, all the vassals were dispersed to every part of Japan, but mostly to the vicinity of this province, as their lord was in the castle of one of his daimios at Numazu, in the adjoining province. My mother lived for four years, with her family, among them, until the time of her marriage with my father. I had a sister and brother but as I was the eldest, I was indulged by all my relatives and especially by my grandmother, having been her favorite.

At five years of age our house was burned in a conflagration which occurred, and my father built a larger one, and there he changed his business and became a silk merchant.

In this village there was a famous idol called "Miojin," and in the middle of August every year the people made a great festival in honor of it. The fire works were so splendid that the sight was rare and attractive. My grandmother went on this occasion to see them, with my sister. There were great crowds of people, and as she was crossing the street a Jinrikisha pushed her down and she fainted. When restored she found she could not walk, and never recovered from this accident. My father was overwhelmed with sorrow and grief, as he was her only son and he loved her exceedingly, and was so obedient that his friends praised him for his filial piety.

One more misfortune befell him; that was his commercial failure. Gradually he lost his property and began to sell his fields, one by one until he disposed of all that he had. I entered a private school when I was eight and

remained there for three years. Amid these dark days of trial, a new light dawned upon my father, he found a surer and better treasure, the Lord Jesus, whose presence brought comfort to the sorrowing heart and home. He took me with him to church on the Sabbath day. That was the first time I ever heard the gospel. The book he first gave me to read was the history of the life of Christ, with illustrations. I remember well how I wept over the story; comparing the picture of His childhood in his mother's arms and that of His crucifixion. I was baptized with my father, when I was eleven years old, the day before I came to this school.

My father's original intention was to make of me a lady doctor, and he laid the foundation of my education, by instructing me in the Chinese character. My grandmother disliked Christianity and was not willing to send me to this school; but my father did not yield to her opinions. On the first of April 1880, I parted from my parents, friends and native place, setting out for Yokohama.

I was then in bright spirits, with a hopeful prospect before me, forgetting the sad farewell and the loneliness that awaited me in the future. A foreign missionary and native pastor were with me, and a friend about my age who was with me to enter the same school. As there was no railroad in those days we had to pass over the Hakone mountain, in a "Kago." The scenery was perfectly grand as we ascended the mountain. The genial spring clothed the fields and forests and grassy slopes which were decorated with sweet wildflowers. The birds were my companions all the way, flying before me joyfully in the air. Happy

as the birds whose songs cheered my path, I travelled on charmed with the beauties of nature, that surrounded us. We passed the night in a small village, on the top of the mountain which is now one of our stations. There is a beautiful lake on that mountain. Never shall I forget that evening when I went to look at it. The stillness was unbroken, save by the rippling of the waters and the hum of drowsy insects. Beyond the lake appeared the summits of tall mountains, clad in yellow light. Most glorious of all was Mount Fuji in calm repose, rearing its peak above others in snowy and dazzling beauty, reflected in the blue waters at its base, while the bright clouds lay in masses from the top of the mountain to the very sky, still glowing with the deep rose of sunset. Nature reveals God ; mountains and seas are revelations alike of His wisdom and power. I imagine the Mount of Transfiguration might have resembled this after our Lord's feet touched the ground. In after years the name of Hakone always calls up the sweet memory of that happy evening, and it is such a great joy to me that I can work in that very place, where I spent the first night away from my dear home. It was late in the afternoon of the next day when I arrived at Yokohama.

I had a strange feeling on seeing so many new faces and began to be lonely and homesick. I missed my dear ones more than I expected to do, and wept like a child, longing to go home. I can not express what joy I had to be at home in the first vacation ; but in a short time school became a happy place to me, with my kind teachers and dear friends. I was delighted with my studies and progressed

without much effort, but I confess I had a terrible conflict with algebra.

Thus six years of my school life swiftly passed away, without any special occurrence. I graduated in the year 1890, under Mrs Pierson's faithful tuition. I did not retire from the school, but continued as an assistant to teach little children, on account of my father's death which was the first blow of my life.

The first period of my life came to an end and I entered the second at nineteen. I engaged as a Bible reader in Mrs. Pierson's corps, a year after she resigned from the school and devoted herself wholly to the evangelistic work. I consider myself the happiest girl to have been educated by such a noble and pious teacher as Mrs. Pierson, and to be permitted to work with her under whose kindness and protection I was brought up and whose life is my living example.

I shall not attempt to describe her but can not refrain from saying that her life is remarkable and consecrated. These words of the apostle of old are revealed by her daily life, "We ought to obey God rather than man."

My life has not been devoid of temptations and trials since my father's death; but these experiences have matured me; for as I grow older I can see clearly that the hand of Providence was in all. Even in poverty and sorrow, the Lord was with me, making them instrumentalities to bring me nearer our Savior and to afford this grand opportunity of spreading the glad tidings to many people. I had found blessing in trials, and strength in hardships; knowing they do not fall on us by chance; but for some

good and wise purpose and our lots are determined by our Heavenly Father; who maketh all things to work together for good to them that love God. All joys and sorrows, all trials and triumphs are but fitting us for the enjoyment of our glorious inheritance with Christ in His kingdom.

I am very much interested in my work; the Lord has appointed me to perform. Our work in Yokohama and in the places where we have stations is very encouraging and hopeful. Wherever we go we draw large audiences who listen intently. Hundreds of converts are added to the number of the saved and join the church yearly through those simple means.

Christianity was not welcomed at its entrance into Japan, but it is now better known and appreciated. Sometimes meetings and services were interrupted by the priests and people, but the work was continued with patient persistence as we prayed, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," as our Savior did upon the cross, in the last moment of His earthly existence. But the love of God has conquered His enemies and overcome many difficulties.

So the gospel is now freely preached in all places. The love that first shone on the plain of Bethlehem is shining still through all ages bright and luminous, and it will reach the full meridian of its splendor when He again comes. "Repent ye; for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand" are the words resounding throughout Japan. Yet there are many souls still groping in darkness and sin. The friends of my childhood with whom I roamed among the fields and forests, picking fruits and gathering flowers in my native land have all become wives and mothers: some of

them have many children, but alas, they are still among the unsaved ones. I pray that the Lord may grant me the privilege of bringing them to the knowledge of salvation.

Reflecting upon the time from the days of my childhood to this very hour, my heart is filled with deepest gratitude and love to our dear Heavenly Father for His guidance and protection through the varied scenes of my life, in the midst of storm and sunshine, joy and sorrow, light and shadow.

May His kingdom speedily come, and His reign of righteousness upon our weary, sinful earth.

A SMALL COLLECTION OF POEMS

COMPOSED AT AN EARLY PERIOD IN THE LIFE OF THE WRITER OF THIS BOOK.

MIRIAM; THE HEBREW PROPHETESS

The stars, like lamps are pendent
  Oe'r field and grove and plain;
A countless host, defendent
  Of Isis wide domain.
While on the deep, broad, shining river,
Old Egypt's pride, their glances quiver.

The woodland bird is singing,
  As sounds of labor cease,
And night, refreshment bringing
  Dispenses rest and peace.
Oh! to the weary and oppressed,
The silver hours are doubly blest.

Rich are the treasure cities,
  And rich the teeming soil;
But not a heart that pities
  Dark wretchedness and toil;
A captive nation's bitter sighs
For retribution rend the skies.

Each drop of that old river,
A treasure rare contains;
That from the gen'rous Giver,
Enriches fields and plains;
But in a nation's sinful pride,
The gift is falsely deified.

A little bark glides slowly,
Upon the flowing stream,
While in its shelter lowly,
A babe is left to dream.
No shadows cloud his smiling face,
Adorned with sweet, celestial grace.
And by the stream a maiden fair
Bows her young heart in fervent prayer.

"Oh God; Thou art no other,
Than our poor nation's Friend;
Preserve my sleeping brother,
And swift deliv'rance send!
Give to our sorrow some new joy;
Nor yet Thy people all destroy;
But light for darkness; smiles for tears,
Dispense to us, in these sad years!"

"Oh God! Thou art no other,
Thou art the God of might,
Save, save, my sleeping brother
From perils of this night!

For e'en the pencilled flower is Thine,
And all the countless worlds that shine ;
Stretch forth Thy holy arm and save
Thy people from a nameless grave !

" Oh God ; still, still believing
That Thou wilt answer prayer ;
Though all our hearts are grieving,
And death is everywhere ;
We trust Thee, though with trembling trust,
Thy creatures fallen in the dust ;
Oh let the morning brightly break,
And save us, for Thy mercy's sake ! "

He sleeps, and Miriam sweetly
Chants a low cradle song,
While ev'ry moment fleetly
Wafts night and peace along.
" Sleep, sleep, my darling, do not fear,
For God and angels bright are near ;
And safely He will surely keep
His chosen one—sleep, gently sleep ! "

A prophetess unknowing
The gift that in her lies,
Bright as a vision glowing,
She sees a host arise
In panoply of light arrayed,
With trusty shield and shining blade,
To rich possessions surely go,
Proud victors o'er each mighty foe.

By fire at night, and cloud by day,
Led onward through the desert way ;
For them, the palm and fig tree blow,
While bitter waves o'erwhelm the foe—
The vision fades ; but in her heart,
New hopes are born—ne'er to depart.

And now the star of morning,
O'er Miriam's vigils shines,
Each leaf and flower adorning,
Its radiance round them twines.
And with the faintest tint of light
The buds unfold their petals bright ;
And little voices softly sing,
The voice of woodland bird and spring.

A band of maidens lightly
From palace halls come forth,
Their dark eyes beaming brightly,
Their voices breathing mirth.
While in their midst one tall and fair,
With rarest gems twined in her hair
Joins in the worship to that god,
Whose might shall soon be changed to blood ;

"Nile—Nile
Source of our wealth,
God of our health,
Rare treasures possessing ;
Treasures untold,
Jewels and gold,
Oh, give us thy blessing !

"Nile—Nile
Monarch and god,
All the green sod
Shall drink of thy treasure;
Ev'ry pale flower
Worships thy power,
And blooms at thy pleasure!

"Nile—Nile
Lowly we bow,
Sprinkle each brow
With dews of thy blessing,
Unto each heart
Some charm impart
New beauty possessing."

And still their praises singing,
Beside the stream, they rest;
Their floral tributes flinging
Upon the water's crest.
But she, the proudest of the band
Plucks the pure jewel from her hand,
And from her arms of perfect mould,
Unclasps the circlets of pure gold
And casts them on the river's breast,
That she may be supremely blest.

Then Miriam, pale and still,
Beholds the dazzling scene,
And trusts her God—that He will
In mercy intervene,

Before His feet, she humbly bends,
While from her heart this prayer ascends:
"I have no gifts to offer Thee,
Jehovah, God, Eternally
The gift of this poor heart alone
Accept and save us from Thy throne!"

"What glides upon the water?
A fragile bark I see,"
(Thus speaks proud Pharaoh's daughter)
Will any bring it me?
Oh what a little cherub form,
His eyes unclose—his lips are warm;
His innocence my soul beguiles,
And see, the gentle stranger smiles;
And yet, some tears bedew his cheek,
His infant griefs, he cannot speak!
He shall be mine—yes, mine forever;
And Moses called—(drawn from the river)."

Oh sacred dawn resplendent
Of freedom and of peace;
With hope and joy transcendent,
To captives—glad release.
Type of a brighter coming far
The theme of each rejoicing star;
The advent of a Prince whose blood
Has sprinkled all the heav'nly road.

LAMENT

Oh God ; to see the poet soul
Bowed down by griefs beyond control ;
That leave his mighty, thoughts untold,
Because he has not paltry gold,

To see the miser hold it fast,
As though this life would ever last,
And press it to his harden'd heart,
And swear that they shall never part !

To see the man, who cannot feel
For broken hearts, nor woe's appeal,
Who does not love the calm, blue heaven,
Have all things to him freely given !

To see the beggar ; though a prince,
Beneath the pangs of hunger wince ;
To see the prince, who wears a crown,
Without a soul, in royal gown !

And he, the kind and true, who would
With gentle pity do all good,
Without the power, while he, who can
Withholds the gift from brother man !

But when the books are opened—then—
It shall be meted to all men ;
To those, who unto good aspire ;
Or meanly, sordid wealth acquire !

BETHESDA

O fountain—fountain—
Welling ne'er in vain ;
Soothing ev'ry pain.
From thine altar,
Lave the world again,
Weep for us like rain,
We need thy tears ?

O fountain—fountain—
See the sick and blind ;
All our mortal kind,
Hearts that falter,
Darken'd soul and mind,
Through long, long years.

O fountain—fountain—
Earth once drank of thee,
Lost thy purity,
For thee, we yearn ;
Sorrows multiply,
Spirits droop and die,
Oh, where art thou ?

O fountain—fountain—
From the love on high,
Fed unceasingly,
Return—return !
Some new grace supply
Touch us ere we die,
And heal us now !

O sacred fountain—
Brighter drops than thine,
Sacrific'al shine,
Given of God,
For mortals—th' Divine
Once did life resign,
In drops of blood.

O sacred fountain!
Let us haste to lave,
In thy healing wave;
Weeping—sighing—
Blessing Him, who gave,
Who hath power to save
Souls from dying!

CONVOLVULUS

A single bird soared upward far,
Swift as the glancing of a star;
And yet his voice was heard below,
Where gardens bloom and streamlets flow.
Now chanting clear and higher still,
Making the bowers and grottoes thrill,
So blue the sky—so clear his song,
From heaven to earth, it floated long.

The budding trees in ev'ry shade,
Of green and amber, Eden made,
The maple, silver, thrilled and turned;
The oak in softest crimson burned;

And little buds of rose hue pale,
Or crocus, with her golden veil
And blossoms, of a bridal white,
Unfolded in the soft spring light.

Each fibre in the lovely wood,
Seemed with new life and power endued ;
Red with the rosy, glowing tide,
That all their leaves and blossoms dyed ;
While green as em'rald were the blades
Of verdure, in the fields and glades,
The young leaves, blending in a mist,
Were by the light winged zephyrs kissed.

Was it the mimic heaven below,
That made that warbler's music flow ?
The rose shade of the apple bloom,
The shell like peach—the wood's perfume ?
The trembling, thrilling pulse of life,
With joy instinct—with glory rife ?
The love, that gave that warbler's voice
Has made a ransomed world rejoice !

The sunlight shimmered o'er the sea,
Whose proud waves sung responsively ;
And on the shore, a sad young girl
Was watching the white sail unfurl,
With eyes, steadfast upon the deep,
Eyes, that were used to watch and weep.
They called her, in her maiden blush,
The coral lipped Convolvulus !

Her long fair hair of golden hue
Rippled like sunlight, and the blue
Of violets was in her eye,
Deep as the midnight, starry sky,
Or moist with dew, veiled neath the fringe,
That trembled o'er her cheek's soft tinge ;
Bright as the mornings early flush,
Or starry eyed Convolvulus !

Within the caverns of the deep,
Mystic and fearful beings sleep ;
Its pillars are upheld by One,
Who formed the rose and made the sun ;
With pearl are lined its secret halls,
Where never human footstep falls,
And eyes that look not on the light
Gleam through the darkness wildly bright.

Its flowers are gems—its silver doors
Are sealed to man—its unseen floors,
Eternal waters darkly lave—
A world of mystery—a grave !
The monarch of the midnight storm
Hides in those caves, his crested form.
And eager hands there beck'ning wait,
For shipwrecked souls to pass the gate !

Convolvulus had thought of all,
That stronger hearts and hands appall,
Of gallant barques that breast the wave
Of souls that call on God to save ;

Of one, one dearer than the rest,
For whom she prayed and whom she blest,
Whose home was on that treach'rous sea,
"O, Love," she cried, "return to me!"

"What the beauty of this earth,
Its life and bloom; its songs of mirth,
The golden lustre of the fields,
Or nectar, that the blossom yields?
And what that anthem of sweet Peace,
That thrilled the spheres and does not cease
To echo still? Peace cannot be—
O Love— return—return to me!"

The zephyr o'er her virgin brow
Lingered as on the Alpine snow,
And kissed those ringlets, brightly pale,
And o'er her shoulders dimpled white,
Fell in a cloud of lustrous light;
A part of heaven—those lovely eyes
Sought for some being in the skies,
Her hands were clasped imploringly;
"O Love! she cried, return to me!"

"A year so long, has passed away,
And I can only watch and pray,
For not one loving, hopeful word
My weary heart has ever heard,
Since neath the blue of yon bright heaven,
That long, long farewell kiss was given.
My heart will break, dear love, for thee,
O bring him home, thou treach'rous sea."

The little birds sang on that morn,
And little buds were brightly born,
The trembling leaves made music sweet,
The brooklet rippled at our feet,
And dew drops glistened on the bud,
As hand in hand, we paced the wood,
And whispered words of sweetest cheer,
To brighten hope, and calm each fear ;
Hast thou forgot ? It cannot be ;
O bring him home—thou treach'rous sea."

And still there came no glad reply
Her faded hope to vivify.
When morning made the crimson flood
Of glory light the solitude,
Tinting the billows gold and blue
She still was there—the sad and true ;
Till evening from the starry gate
Appeared—she still would watch and wait.
Her heart leaped up,—if but a sail
Came shoreward in the sighing gale,
But all in vain—the hope so fair
Expired in darkness and despair.

One day the god of storms arose,
And shook old ocean's false repose ;
Black as the soul's eternal night,
The waves rolled on, with frenzied might,
A moment's awful hush—a crash
That shook the sea—one lurid flash

Displayed the horrors of the deep,
Where elfin monsters glide or creep,
And cleft its walls, on either side,
An awful chasm—dark and wide.
Then thundered back and broke in spars
Till all the billows gleamed like stars,
Or blazed in one white sea of fire,
Still rocking, foaming, surging higher;
While voices from above, below,
Chanted a requiem of woe;
And pallid hands, that unseen wait,
Bore shipwrecked souls to meet their fate.

Convolvulus had not been there,
That weary day—but still and fair
Drooped on her couch—her lips were white,
Pale with the horrors of the night,
A stricken flower—she could not weep,
But heard the booming of the deep;
And whispered ever tremblingly;
"O bring him home, thou treach'rous sea!"

The coral of her lip was gone,
The timid blush, like faintest dawn,
The vivid thoughts, whose graceful play
Had made her eye, once full of day,
Were overshadowed now and wild,
A stricken flower—a spirit child,
And only waiting to be free
The vestment of mortality.

The long night passed—the kingly sun
Kissed the young blossoms, one by one;
Shone on the Ocean calm and fair,
As if no storm had triumphed there.
The rain drops on each trembling leaf
Sparkled as if there were no grief;
While on the bosom of the deep
The storm had sobbed itself to sleep!

Convolvulus lay calm and pale,
And o'er her shoulders gleamed the veil,
While from her lips a sound was heard,
But none could catch the whisper'd words.
A stranger stood within the door,
As if he dreamed—a moment more,
And quick as thought, he stood beside
Convolvulus, his stricken bride,
And with his arms clasped round her form
To hers—his throbbing heart pressed warm,
Kissing her lips—her cheeks—her eyes,
Whose light was borrowed from the skies.
"Awake, Convolvulus, he cried,
Are thou not still, my own fair bride?
Oh speak one loving word to me
Thy Harold has come home to thee!"

She trembled—thrilled—the silver chord
Shook with the magic of love's word,
Her eyes unclosed—her lips apart,
Her hands pressed o'er her fainting heart,

She cried aloud ; " It cannot be,
Too late my Harold has come home to me ;
They whisper—beings strangely fair,
Thy home is Heaven—thy love is there ! "

And in that brightest, golden day,
Her pure, young spirit passed away.

A PARABLE

O guard the sod,
Whence the flowers must spring,
A smile of God
Is the daisy's wing ;
And golden harvests richly wave,
Over the summer's leaf-strewn grave !

O guard the sod,
Though it be not green ;
Man's foot has trod
O'er the life unseen ;
A hidden life—a store of wealth,
Where the sweet pansies bloom by stealth !

O guard the sod,
Where our hopes lie low,
A thought of God
Makes the blossoms blow ;
And buried hopes shall surely spring,
Forth from the tomb—on glad, bright wing.

Each seed must die,
And be buried first,
The butterfly
From its prison burst;
And the little grain, in darkness sown,
A robe of light has round it thrown!

THE CRIMINAL'S CONFESSION

The dungeon walls are dark and cold;
The heart within, a thousand fold
More dismal far-more gloomy still,
Than dungeon loneliness or chill.
The tolling bell—he seems to feel
The solemn cadence of each peal;
Guilty—guilty!

No sweet emotion—loving thought,
By angel visitants are brought.
The present black—the future, sure;
Oh what can make his spirit pure?
The light of Heaven, he cannot see,
No star to pierce eternity;
For what was noble once and good
Is crimsoned now by stain of blood;
Guilty—guilty.

"Hear me, he cries, for I will tell
How one, who stood, was tempted—fell!
'Tis man condemns—but God shall judge
Each human love—each mortal grudge—

And lives, that have seemed pure and bright
Shall darkly change in God's own light;
And ev'ry deed of guilt or crime,
Be rightly judged in God's own time."

"From parent lips, I never heard
One loving tone—one blessed word;
But where—or who—or what were they,
I do not even know this day;
But carved so hard, it seemed of stone,
A litt'e fortune—all may own.
And was there none, with me to share
That home so sweet; that fortune fair?
Ah yes—a being bright as heaven,
With form and face to angels given!
An orphan, from her earliest years,
Her life had, too, been one of tears!
But then our love, with magic charm
Could ev'ry grief and care disarm;
And gave the clouds, delightful hues,
And made her tears, sweet scented dews,
I did not ask for more of bliss,
Enough—enough—there was in this!
Too well I loved—my chosen one,
Had pledged her faith to be my own!
Hark—hark—I hear the tolling bell?
What do those mournful notes foretell?
Guilty—guilty!"

"Tis man condemns—but God shall judge
Each human love—each mortal grudge.

Does not His faithful message say:
Thou shalt not idols make of clay?
I made that home, a fairy bower,
Of golden tree and fragrant flower;
To nature, wedded happy art,
And all to charm my loved one's heart.
A little grove beside it stood,
While far away, stretched hill and wood,
The one so green—the other, cool,
With sparkling fountain—flowery knoll—
For though my taste was wild and rude,
I loved the fair—the pure and good,
Believing that concentered were
All brightest gifts—all truth in her,
The budding spring, our bridal day
Were one—they were not far away.
But is it not the spring time now?
Its odors do not fan my brow,
Its zephyrs do not kiss my cheek,
Its ev'ry murmur seems to speak
Of the sweet time forever past,
And all the darkness o'er it cast;
Guilty—guilty!

The happy day in splendor rose,
And o'er us, there was Heaven's repose,
And round us, all that God bestows,
And all of bliss that earth can give,
Until the crystal cup o'erflows,
Was tasted in that heav'nly dream,

And we were one—to die or live,
In love's eternal, golden beam.

O mem'ry here forever dwell,
This dream of Heaven, no more dispel,
And save me from the tides that swell
Within my darkened mind and soul,
For ev'ry note of that sad bell
A picture paints of death and shame;
Its solemn cadences that toll,
My sentence sure and slow proclaim;
Guilty—guilty!

Our little home was paradise,
I asked not more beneath the skies;
For all my love, within her eyes,
Reflected in sweet glances shone.
And ev'ry day, some sweet surprise
She planned, to gratify my taste;
And I for her—oh we were one—
Would it were all, for e'er effaced!

A stranger came, with serpents guile,
With lofty mien and courtly smile
And all the arts that can beguile.
He stole into our sacred bower;
And lingered there a little while;
His gold—his presence and his lore
Were kingly sceptres wielding power,
That made the multitudes adore!

Oh mem'ry, quickly, quickly blot
From thy fair page this one black spot.
Let him, his face and form forgot,
Forever perish from thy scroll;
And all that he in darkness wrought
Exist no more in thy domain;
For as the moments swiftly roll,
I hear but one—one wild refrain:
Guilty—guilty!

One day from toil as I returned,
No lights within my windows burned,
No voice I heard—no form discerned
Of her—who always at the door,
Had stood and when my coming learned
Had welcomed me with loving cheer,
Her face with gladness beaming o'er,
And all that mortals count most dear!

A chill fell on my heart like death,
With fearful thoughts and bated breath,
I entered there, as if by stealth;
'Twas dark—' twas dark and still and cold,
I thought of him—his pride—his wealth,
Of her, my fair and lovely bride,
Beyond all countless stores of gold,
For whom, I gladly would have died!

The madd'ning truth, I would not see,
And sought her in the grove and wood;

She was not there—lost—lost to me ;
With frenzied speed o'er vale and hill,
I sought her in the solitude,
And called aloud—but all was still.

I could not stay—I could not rest,
With frenzied madness now possessed
As demons rage within the breast,
A wild desire to find the lost
Arose, and could not be suppressed.
I fled, not knowing—caring where ;
A withered leaf by tempests tossed,
Without a hope—without a prayer.

One evening, when the moon shone bright,
I passed a mansion, marble white,
And heard a voice, whose faintest tone,
In darkest depths, I should have known ;
And gazing whence the accents came
My heart leaped up as if in flame,
For there they stood the guilty two,
Before my eyes in fullest view ;
He gazing on her lily face,
Seemed there his hearts desire to trace ;
To me, it was a madd'ning scene,
For she was not what she had been,
No more the lily pure and white,
But stained with sin and shame and blight.

And he, the vilest of the vile
Beamed on her with his subtle smile,

And then—the demon in my breast
Impelled me with a wild unrest,
Unheard—unseen—I softly stole
Within the lovely, flow'ry knoll,
Where they were standing side by side,
The monster and my worshipped bride!
With rage that I could not conceal,
I struck him with the flashing steel;
He made no sound—no sign of pain,
But fell and never spoke again!
And she, once loved—my life—my own,
Stood like a statue—cold as stone!
I had no power to break the spell,
But cried aloud: Farewell, farewell!

'Tis past—'tis past—but still remains
Inscribed for aye in bloody stains;
I would not live—I dare not die,
For all is lost eternally!

.....

'Tis right and wise in God's own plan,
That he, who kills his brother man,
With death, the penalty should pay;
And none the verdict can unsay.
But he, who steals his neighbor's wife,
Steals somewhat dearer far than life;
And in God's time, it will be seen,
Which has the greater sinner been!

Oh tell the story strange and sweet,
Wherever mortal pulses beat;

And mortal spirits broken bow,
Beneath the weight of sin and woe.
Oh tell the Tidings, while you can,
The Son of God has died for man ;
And sin and crime of scarlet dye,
Unchanged by other Alchemy,
By drops that from His heart did flow,
My be washed out, as white as snow.

DAISY DELL

Emerald green
Was the Daisy Dell,
In sparkling sheen,
Where the sunbeams fell !
In solemn shade,
Where zephyrs played !
Daisy Dell ! the coolest—sweetest,
With its birds and buds completest ;
And its timid lily bell ?

In silver tints
Hangs the graceful vine,
With purple glints,
Where the tendrils twine.
Mingling—blending
Shades unending,
Tossing—tossing—sweeping—sweeping,
With the golden starlight sleeping,
O'er the wondrous scene divine !

There tender shoots
  Show loveliest hues,
And rip'ning fruits
  The pearliest dews.
    In Daisy Dell,
    Who—who can tell
The many fairy colors bright,
That overshadowed or in light
  Their glorious charms infuse?

  O'er all, the sky
    Arches sweetly fair,
  A canopy
    Clouded not with care.
    Glist'ning brightly
    Fading whitely;
Ev'ry shade of violet, rose,
In that silent heaven glows,
  Beyond the ambient air!

  O child at play,
    Where pure fountains well,
  Weave—weave—to day,
    Day's radiant spell.
    For future years
    May pass in tears,
And ev'ry deed of love or strife
Be mingled with the warp of life,
  Like the shades in Daisy Dell!

THE LOST FAIRY BIRD *

Six beautiful birds flew over the main,
Six beautiful birds with a sweet refrain !
With wings as white as the snows that sleep
On the mountain crest, whose lofty steep
Rising and gleaming in distance afar,
Is crowned with the radiant morning star !
Six beautiful birds, and one was a queen
Singing and sporting amid the bright sheen !
Upon her fair wings were garlands of flowers,
Culled from the land of the amaranth bowers,
Lily and snow drop and pearl-colored blossom
Hung in their beauty upon her white bosom !
A fairy princess, and one doomed to reign
Over a wide and a flow'ry domain.

For snowy-winged birds are not what they seem,
But spirits of woodland, valley or stream ;
While we, with our weak and sin stricken eyes,
Pierce not their harmless and loving disguise.
If mortal hand touch them, dishonored they die,
Or wander o'er earth, neath the dark, wintry sky !
And never to look on the dear, fairy faces,
Or never to see the sweet, flowery places !
Onward they floated—those beautiful birds
Over the deep, with their low, loving words.

* Written on the S. S. Nassau, during the voyage to Japan, June 1871 ; Suggested by the fall of a white bird on deck.

"Oh kind gentle friends," the princess bird said,
As she waved her wings and poised her fair head,
"Look to the eastward and tell me, I pray
What is that creature, that floats far away?
See how quickly it moves, and its huge graceless form
Is instinct with life, with real majesty warm!
O, my kind spirit friends, let us draw very near;
Of this creature, if mortal, or bird, I've no fear!
How strange, that this object we never have seen!
Come, Illa, Monina, now follow your queen!"

"Oh, Princess," said Illa, "pray you beware,
For did not the fairy queen make you our care?
And if evil befall thee—her darling—I know
It will break her sweet spirit with weeping and woe!
For dear, lovely princess, no mortal should brook,
On your beautiful form—your sweet face to look!
So do not go near—it is only a snare;
Dear, beautiful princess, we pray you, beware!"

"The heart of a queen should never know fear;
Monina, your princess commands you draw near!
If the spirit of Illa is cowardly weak,
We will show her that higher enjoyments we seek;
The pleasure of learning from nature's great book;
Come, spirit friends, come, on this strange object look!"

But Monina fell prostrate and tremblingly said,
As she bowed, to the princess, her own stately head:
"Our love, for you, darling, fills us with fears;

For what to our eyes, so stately appears,
May only a monster of mortal device,
Be waiting to seize you—oh, therefore, be wise!
If need be, we'd die for you, darling, be sure,
But let not this object so foully allure!
For lost is the princess, who yields to the snare,
And is touched by a mortal—therefore, beware!"

"I scorn your monition—alone, will I fly!
Ye knights of the Lily much sooner I'd die
Than objectless live, in cowardly fear;
Away—I will not that one should be near!"
She waved her white wings—she rose to the sky,
With grace in her motion and pride in her eye;
And paused but a moment—upward in air,
To fling back in scorn, that one word—"Beware!"
She saw the huge object; but knew not the ship
Sailing so swiftly, to the horizon's dip!
But her keen eye was bright--her white wing was strong,
She reached it and hovered above it ere long;
And stooping—just stooping—she struck on the mast,
And fell to the deck—a strong hand held her fast!

"Oh Illa—dear Illa—Monina—I die!
Farewell to my visions of sweet extacy!
Would that my poor heart had never been born;
Oh, knight of the Lily, I gave you but scorn
For the generous gift of your own noble heart,
Without greeting, or farewell, forever we part!"

With a shriek and a pang, she won her release,
But lost in that moment, her purity, peace ;
And hiding her face in the foam crested wave,
She wished that the ocean might be her cold grave !
For one little sin, how many a mortal
Has come short of Heaven—the bright, shining portal :
So like the poor princess—whose fatal desire
Then lighted, for hope, the funereal pyre !

And meanwhile, the mother-queen sat on her throne,
Which, sparkling with jewels, of fairy land shone,
The dew drops, whose glories, the white rose bedeck,
Were woven to shine on her beautiful neck ;
The rainbow's bright tintings were blended in them,
And they formed for her brow a fair diadem !
Her throne was o'erhung with butterflies' wings,
Embellished with gold of the beetles' bright wings !
Her sceptre, an em'rald, wondrous in size,
Crowned with a star, she had plucked from the skies !
Her robe was composed of pansies' gay leaves,
Bright with the sunshine that summer time weaves ;
Her magical slippers were made of white moss,
Embroidered by fairies, with pure, golden floss.
Her palace was gorgeous with wonderful things ;
Rare trophies of conquest—and cooled by pure springs
Was the garden that bloomed with the amaranth
flowers.
Sweet with the incense of glorious bowers !
But sorrow o'erclouded the fairy queen's face,
And gave to her beauty a pale, pensive grace !

The Knights of the Lily then sounded a call,
And fairy bands entered the Ivory Hall ;
But their music was silenced—as soon as they saw
The queen's pallid face—they waited in awe ;
A blast of the bugle, that moment was heard,
Each fairy head bowed to the queen-mother bird !
And she spoke in silvery accents at last,
When the pang of some mem'ry over her past.

" My Knights of the Lily, I command you, declare
What you know of the princess Corilla, so fair !
She left us, at day dawn ; she comes not at night,
Though the heaven above us, with star lamps is
bright ;
Oh, Illa, Monina, I gave to your care,
And ye Knights of the Lily, your princess so fair !
Why weeping and sighing—why blanches each cheek ?
What you know of the princess instantly speak ! "

" Dear Queen—and the accents were tremulous—low ;
Of the fate of the princess no one may know,
She left us to wander alone o'er the sea,
Perhaps she'll return to us and to thee ! "

The cheek of the Queen grew fearfully pale,
And she dropped in her anguish the bright, gauzy veil ;
But arose in her majesty, coldly and stern :

"*Perhaps*, oh ye traitors ; perhaps she'll return !
If she come it is well—if not, ye shall die ;
My knights of the crown, I command you to fly

Swifty and faithfully over the deep ;
Rest not your pinions and pause not to sleep,
Till the princess Corilla, your princess is found,
And dead or alive, on ocean or ground,
In darkness or sunshine—with mortal or fairy ;
Haste, knights of the crown—nor falter—nor tarry !
Ho, guards of the palace, these pris'ners are ours ;
Take them in chains to the dark cypress bowers !
And Illa, Monina ; the deadly night shade
Is the couch, where the head of the traitor is laid ;
Where the dragon-fly hisses ; the raven and owl
Make the darkness and terror more gloomy and foul ;
Where the prayers—the deep sighs and the tears of
your grief,
To your sin-haunted souls bring never relief !
Sound the bugle again—let the warriors of old
Be summoned in phalanx. this palace to hold !
We know not what dangers may threaten us now,
Or menace the crown on the Fairy Queen's brow ! "

Every word of the monarch was swiftly obeyed,
And the Knights of the Lily, with dark chains
arrayed ;
While Illa, Monina, went forth to their doom,
To the cypress and night shade—a prison and tomb !

The Knights of the Crown rose upward afar,
And shone in the light of the evening star ;
But their faces were sad—their aspect was stern
As they sought the Princess' fair form to discern !

A moment they paused, to hold council of flight,
And determined to sweep o'er the ocean that night!
So led by an instinct to spirits not rare,
They found their lost princess, Corilla the fair;
She had hidden 'neath the white crested foam,
Trembling and sighing and weeping for home.

"O, Knights of the Crown," she said, through her tears,
Leave me to die, in my bright, youthful years,
My white wing is broken—my pure hopes are lost,
And the bloom of my life is smitten with frost!

"I cannot return—go back to the Queen,
And tell not my mother, Corilla you've seen,
I never can sit on the emerald throne,
Go back and leave me to die all alone!"

"No-never-we dare not our Queen disobey—
O, Princess, dear Princess, we're filled with dismay,
Our hearts and our lives forever are thine;
Return to the land, where star blossoms shine,
Return and thy mother will pardon, we know,
Your sin or your folly and comfort your woe!"

They bore her away on their pinions of light,
To the land that with blossoms forever is bright;
They entered the palace before the fair dawn
Could touch with its beauty the garden or lawn;
The bugle blast sounded—the warriors and Queen

Came flashing in gems, in gold and bright sheen ;
While Corilla, the Princess, still drooping low,
And foam drops of ocean upon her pale brow ;
With the garlands, which perfume and brightness had shed
About her fair form, all withered and dead,
In anguish and grief of her spirit fell down,
And covered her face from the sight of the Crown !

" My daughter : the Princess : where hast thou been ? "
Said the clear musical voice of the Queen ;
" Thy bright wing is broken—what sorrow has crushed
Thy spirit, and all its pure fountains hushed ?
If only for sorrow thou mournest alone,
Corilla, thou knowest thy griefs are our own !
O when did thy mother, my darling, ere lose
The gift of sweet counsel ; to comfort refuse ?
Come to my arms and my loving embrace,
That I may behold your sweet sunny face ! "

Not a sound from the Princess—still bending low,
With her heart throbbing wild in anguish and woe !
With those sweet thrilling words no comfort there came
To the source of her grief—her terror and shame !

" Speak, instantly speak, my brave Knights of the Crown,
Or the guards of the Palace shall sweep you down !
What is this grief ? Is it sorrow or sin ?
Fear not to speak to your own loving Queen."

"I will answer myself," said the Princess' low voice,
Since the deed and its penalty leave me no choice!
A mortal hath touched me —to die I'll prepare!
But mother, oh mother, this life is so fair!
And Sir Avoline, Knight of the Lily, so brave,
Who loves me, will come to my rescue and save!"

Then sadness fell o'er the fairy bands all,
And silence pervaded the Ivory Hall!
But the low voice of the Queen was finally heard,
And the swords of the warriors leaped forth at her word!
"This Knight of the Lily once more she shall see;
Bring hither, with Illa, Menina, to me;"

"O spare me, my mother," the lost Princess cried;
"Enough; I shall never be Avoline's bride;
Enough; this anguish my spirit has broken,
Why wilt thou demand some still deeper token?"
"Silence! lost Princess, I care not to hear
Thy penitent sigh—to see thy false tear!
For though my heart-strings with anguish should sever,
I will forgive thee—thou false one—no never!"

Then Avoline, Knight of the Lily, stood forth,
"O, what is my life, dear Fairy Queen worth?
Let my head or my heart, the penalty pay,
And the Princess Corilla be free from this day;
I would suffer the tortures of endless woe,
Her sweet thanks to hear and her pure love to know!"

"Wilt thou take her in this dishonor now?
Her bright beauty lost—no crown on her brow?
To live in sad exile, and gloom, far away!
Speak, Knight of the Lily, and tell me, I pray!"

"If Corilla, the Princess, loves me, I will;
Dishonored and friendless, my heart is hers still!
And fairy land still would not fairy land be,
Unless her sweet presence were granted to me!"

"Thou hast heard him lost Princess, what dost thou say?
Wilt thou lead this brave Knight from glory away?
If thou dost love him, I know thou wilt not
E'en wish he should share thy dark, dreary lot"

"Live, live, brave Avoline; know for thy joy,
The love of thy Princess no death can destroy;
I will not accept thee, so gentle and brave;
Corilla, dishonored, will rest in her grave!"

He bowed to the Princess; he knelt at her feet;
"Behold in my eyes thy reflection, my sweet!
Has life any pleasures on me to confer,
Unblest by the favor and presence of her
Who has been my star—my angel—my guide,
Through sunshine and storm, through tempest and tide?
By the powers that live in the earth or the sky,
Corilla, the Princess, my bride, *shall not die!*"

She rose in her beauty—no longer a bird ;
She rose at the sound of Love's magical word !
A creature of glory—a spirit redeemed,
By the lustrous light from his spirit that beamed ;
Immortal in youth—in majesty, grace,
And was clasped to his heart in a deathless embrace !

" Corilla and Avoline—blest, doubly blest,"
Said the Queen, " Ye nobly have stood the stern test !
If a spirit be found who constant endures,
Mid anguish, dishonor, with love like to yours,
The lost one is saved ! And Avoline, thine
Is the honor, that can never decline !
Thy beautiful bride is a sov'reign, and thou
This day shalt thyself place the crown on her brow ;
And Avoline – ever—forever—a king,
Shall wear for his emblem, Love's own signet ring."
Then shouts of delight rang aloud through the air :
" Long life to the brave and Corilla the fair ! "

As in an oyster's worthless shell,
A pearl may hidden lie,
So 'een this homely verse may tell
A truth that cannot die ;
The story of the white winged birds
May teach a fact in these few words ;
Tis love ; the love of God, so sweet,
With which salvation is replete,
He came—the mighty Son of God

Our race to recreate ;
And shed His precious, priceless blood,
The lost to elevate ;
That they might sit upon His Throne,
And share the glory, all His own !
And those, who love Him, then shall shine,
Transcendent in His light divine !

MATT. 6 : 28, 29.

Trust the Heavenly Father now,
Is the lily's lesson sweet,
Dew within her chalice lies,
Sunshine at her snowy feet,
Born of earth, yet unpolluted,
By God's love and power transmuted,
All her springs of being are
Hidden not in sun and star ;
Crystal cup and em'rald rod
Spring but from the thought of God ;
Speaking to us, in Christ's name,
Trust the Heart, from whence I came,
See what glory God hath wrought,
Therefore take no anxious thought !

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST—Isa. 1 : 18

O blood of Christ—most precious blood,
That makes my crimson snowy white,
Within whose pure and heav'nly flood,
My dross is purged—my gold made bright !

O blood of Christ—most precious blood,
Assurance of the life divine;
That I, in Christ and Christ in God,
Possess all things—all—all are mine!

O blood of Christ—my soul's baptism,
That falls in drops of healing balm;
Within whose pure and blessed chrism,
All—all is peace, and rest and calm!

WAYFARER'S HYMN

Jesus! Thou art all I have,
Jesus! Thou art all I crave!
Wide as the Heaven's blue expanse,
Beyond all change and time and chance,
Thy boundless love alone can save!

Jesus! like the early dew
Of the morning, clear and new
Thou didst come forth, almighty King,
Eternal life and light to bring,
Ancient of days—the strong and true!

Jesus! Thou hast priceless balm,
Heaven's peace and Heaven's calm;
Thou alone canst health impart,
To mortal frame and mortal heart;
Fill with joy's Eternal Psalm!

Jesus! Thou didst overcome
All our foes—death and the tomb;

Forth from silent depths profound,
With eternal beauty crowned,
Thou didst arise in fadeless bloom.

Jesus! all my health Thou art,
Life eternal to my heart!
My righteousness—my purity—
All my life springs are in Thee,
And nought have I, from Thee, apart.

Jesus! may Thy love enfold
All my being—ne'er grow cold—
A holy flame within my heart;
Bring me Home, where'er Thou art;
To the City, built of gold!

JONAH 2ND CHAPTER

A silent prayer, a voiceless prayer,
That neither stirs the wave nor air,
In coral caverns dark and low,
Where starry sea shells singing lie,
Where bright flowers in their summer blow;
From deepest depths ascends on high!

My God, Thy billows o'er me roll,
Thine iron bars shut in my soul,
Down—down—below the mountain's base,
Far from Thy Presence-from Thy sight,
Far from the shining of Thy face
I dwell alone with death and night.

Thy holy Temple was my home ;
It's shining walls, it's sparkling dome,
It's treasures costly, rich and rare
Reflect the glory of my God,
With which naught earthly can compare ;
The pattern of Thine own abode.

Oh Lord—my God—once more, once more,
My spirit unto life restore !
Oh let me look upon Thy face,
Within Thy Holy Temple dwell,
Behold the King in all His grace,
His wondrous acts of mercy tell !

Salvation is of Thee, my God,
Salvation by Thy mighty Word ;
Oh speak ; the iron bars shall break,
The sapphire walls shall open wide,
The crystal pillars trembling shake,
And Thy great name be magnified ;

Salvation is Thy precious gift ;
Stoop down, my God, my spirit lift
From out this prison dark and cold,
From these deep caverns of the sea,
Then on Thine altar of pure gold,
I'll lay my life and worship Thee.

GOD'S GREATNESS AND CONDESCENSION

There's nothing too great for God to do.
Through all the revolving years,

He touches the arch of crystal blue,
And a burning star appears;
He smiles in love and buds unfold,
Their petals wrought with pearl and gold.

There's nothing too great for God to do,
His power and love the worlds embrace;
With voiceless music, He guides them through
The infinite realms of space,
The mountains in their grandeur stand,
Beneath the impulse of His hand

There's nothing too great for God to do,
Too little for Him to mind,
He balances ev'ry drop of dew,
And breathes in the softest wind.
He lives in the life of the rose,
He shines in ev'ry star that glows.

There's nothing too great for God to do,
  Too little for Him to mind,
His mighty heart of love toward you,
Is evermore inclined.
His mercy rich—a boundless store,
Oh love Him, trust Him and adore.

There's nothing too great for God to do,
  Too little for Him to mind,
The Father of spirits strong and true,
All wise—all loving and kind,
To Him be praise, with Christ, His Son,
And Holy Spirit, God Triune!

INVOCATION

God bless the few
  Whose hearts are true!
And who believe in truth.
  Whose lives are pure,
  As stars endure
Their crown—immortal youth!

God bless the tried
  Who firm abide
Though storm and tempest wake!
    As trees stand still,
  Though lightnings thrill—
Though earth and heaven shake!

The prairie tree
    Invincibly
Extends its kingly arms—
    Knit by the storm,
  Its grand old form—
In summer sunshine warms;

So o'er the heart—
Though lightnings dart
And calumny and wrong—
  With steadfast eye
  On you bright sky
It may be true and strong.

God bless the few
Still keep them true
And make their armor bright,
That in the world,
Their flags unfurled
May catch the dawning light!

"AND THEY HEARD THE VOICE OF THE LORD GOD, WALKING IN THE GARDEN, IN THE COOL OF THE DAY."

To visit man, God has come down;
Hush; He is in the garden now;
His hand is on the lily's crown,
Or where the crimson maples bow.
We recognize, though dimly see
Some glimpses of His majesty!

Hark! He has called the nightingale
From out the silver lighted wood,
To tell the rose her evening tale,
And thrill with love, the solitude.
Or called the rippling breeze to linger;
Where blossoms bend, behold His finger!

See! He has smiled upon the peach
Which blushes with a timid grace
While in its living petals each
Reflection of that smile we trace.
And ev'ry shade of softest green
Adorns the path, where He has been!

Ah, it is He, who came from Heaven
To weep in tears of blood and die,
That guilty man might be forgiven,
And live with Him eternally,
Those tears have never lost their power,
His heart loves still, as in that hour.

Lo ! in the ethereal dome
His watch tower—He has lighted fires ;
To guide us to His starry Home ;
To thrill our souls with sweet desires !
And ever now, when evening smiles
His glory fills the temple aisles.

Hush ! oh, my soul ; thy God is here,
With trembling step, but joyfully,
Go forth to meet Him without fear,
For He hath loved and died for thee.
The God whose hand, the flower unfolds,
Thy spirit in its balance holds !

What starry deeds, thou hast, prepare !
What blossoms of Eternal Love,
To cast upon His altar fair,
To weave into His crown above !
Alas ! thou hast no worthy gem
To shine within His diadem !
But lowly at His blessed feet,
His Name-His praise for e'er repeat !

THE ANGEL AT THE DOOR

The sweetest season of the year
Of timid buds and golden skies,
Diffused its brightness calm and clear,
Bidding the earth to joy arise;
But something murmured
o'er and o'er:
"Hush; there's an angel
at the door!"

One weary, throbbing heart within,
That watched a little fading flower;
Which all her hope and pride had been,
The only one that graced her bower,
Turned with a sudden,
anguished start,
And whispered, fervently;
"Depart."

'Oh come not near; touch not my child;
Breathe not amid her golden hair;
Look not within those eyes that smiled;
Nor kiss her lips, so sweetly fair!
Life of my life; heart
of my heart,
Oh, solemn Angel, hence,
depart!'

'This little lamb; this only one,
Of all the fold is left to me;
She shared my cup—when day was done,
Within my arms slept lovingly;
Life of my life! heart
of my heart;
Oh solemn Angel, hence,
depart!'

'Enough of heaven is in her eye,
Or shining on her spotless brow
To bid me guard her tremblingly,
An Angel on the lone earth now!
Life of my life—heart
of my heart;
Oh solemn Angel, hence,
depart!'

'Is she not mine—her love all mine?
And sacred as the hope of Heaven?
A charm to grace—a light to shine
About my weary pathway given?
Life of my life—heart
of my heart;
Oh solemn Angel, hence,
depart.'

The sweet Spring morning broke again,
O'er all the weary hearts of men;
But when its fullest glory shone,
The Angel and the child were gone

One weary heart was left alone,
Of all the little band not one
Was there to cheer her loneliness,
Or comfort her with fond caress.
The robin sang upon the tree
Or decked his plumage gracefully;
But ev'ry sound was fraught with pain,
For that, which could not come again.
The robin voice that sang all day
Or whispered low, when taught to pray
The clinging kiss, whose thought is pain,
These—these—will never come again.

And still the mourner pauses oft
To hear those little footsteps soft,
Or pierces sunset skies of gold,
Those loving faces to behold;
Or listens vainly o'er and o'er
For the faint rustling at the door;
To catch the joyful summons sweet,
Which bids the circle be complete.
Oh Solemn Angel at the door,
There is one more-there is one more!

REV. 2: 26—29

He that overcometh,
  The scepter of a king shall bear;
He that overcometh,
  The morning star, a crown shall wear;

Upon his brow, its pure, fair light,
Shall shine, than thousand suns.
more bright.

He that overcometh,
Shall sit with Christ, upon His Throne,
He that overcometh,
Shall cail the morning star, his own,
And bathed in Heaven's effulgent hues
The light of morning
shall diffuse ;

He that overcometh
The fearful mighty triune foe,
He that overcometh,
Shall rule the nations here below,
And from the morning star extend
The rod 'neath which his foes
must bend.

He that overcometh
With strife and prayers and tears :
He that overcometh,
Shall rise to new Eternal spheres :
Like frailest glass the nations break ;
The morning star his
kingdom make !

He that overcometh,
Shall hail the Day Spring from on high ;
He that overcometh,

Shall see the sign within the sky;
Whene'er He comes—the Lord so fair,
And rise to meet Him
in the air!

A REMINISCENCE

In the solemn review of the past emotions of gratitude and praise are woven like golden threads through all the complicated textures that compose its fabric, or like responsive harp notes elicited by invisible fingers still repeat the Anthem, that can never die. It is evident that One Spirit, the Omnipotent and eternal has presided and prevailed over all these circumstances and events.

About ten years ago, an incident occurred, dark and yet bright, as viewed in different aspects. At that time, my apartment was in the Home built for the English school, at a distance from the Bible Readers' dwellings, and inconvenient in that respect. They were at the extreme opposite corner of our premises, on the side of a very steep hill, from which they were separated by a fence and hedge of strong evergreens. It was a two story building and on account of the location, cool and healthful.

At the time of which this is written, the building was occupied by several elderly women and two, who were younger. That Saturday, we had all attended a Woman's Union Meeting at the Church, returning before evening. It was late, when I retired to rest and had just fallen asleep, when startled from slumber, by a voice outside my door, which was locked, as the times were suspicious and dangerous. It was the voice of the acting superintendent, proclaiming: "There are three or four armed burglars over at the Bible Readers' house."

Now, burglars in Japan, are desperate characters, if they are not so in other countries. If they cannot obtain money,

goods or other treasure, they will be revenged upon their hapless victims, who are not expected to resist or inflict injury upon their formidable assailants. Startled from profound slumber by the announcement that there were two or three of these midnight desperadoes in the Bible Readers' house I sprung up and exclaimed: "Then I must go to the rescue!" The lady, who had informed me, endeavored to deter me from my purpose, with the argument, that they were armed, and so I could not oppose them, nor defend my Bible Readers. But my heart could not be so pacified and seizing the garments nearest at hand donned them hastily, and passed through the long corridors, out into the dark, cold night. The servants had by that time been thoroughly aroused and armed with clubs, sticks, &c. were rushing wildly here and there in an erratic, desultory way, without aim or purpose.

They informed me, that the burglars had escaped. Where were the police? said I—"*not in this neighborhood*" was the reply.

Wishing to ascertain the facts, I passed rapidly over the garden walks, not without some fear and trepidation, but committing myself to the care of Him, who never slumbers, arrived without meeting any incident by the way. The amado' were closed; which when tightly set, give to a Japanese house, the appearance of a strong, large box. Knocking sturdily, there came, at first no response; as terror held the inmates, in silent expectation of some new attack.

Please open the door (said I) with a terrible sinking at my heart, lest the silence might be that of death. Announcing my name, the door was slowly opened and I

entered. The pallid faces of the women, brightened at my appearance, and each one was eager to give her version of the story. The facts were recounted in few words.

The burglars had entered each apartment, searched every nook and corner, without inflicting injury on any one decamped with their ill gotten treasures. One of the young women had a very costly dress, an heirloom in the family for generations. When they drew that forth

from the cabinet, in which, it had been carefully kept, she rose from her recumbent position, in which, she had been tremblingly watching their movements and cried with tears in her eyes:

'Oh do not take that; it is my only treasure!" "Give us money and we will not" they answered. Producing a few small coins, she gave them to the robbers, who took the dress and were departing; when she sprang up and said: I have a rich treasure to give you," and taking a Japanese Bible from her cabinet, extended it to them. One of them took and examined it for a moment; and then dropping it, as it if had been coals of fire burning his hands; they departed. We prayed earnestly that night, that the burglars might be arrested; but above all, that they might be convicted of sin and converted.

Those prayers were answered in a remarkable manner, for in two days, the criminals were brought to justice. The Bible Readers were summoned to the Police station to identify them and to state the facts connected with the burglary. The young woman, who had offered them the Bible, inquired of the officials, if she might give each one of them a copy of the New Testament, which request was granted. The criminals were condemned to ten years imprisonment and hard labor, because they had been armed with bamboo swords, which are instruments of death. They carried to the prison the Word of God, and studied it during their long term of punishment.

The term of their sentence has now expired and they are released; having been received into an institution, provided for such convicts where they are learning trades;

that they may support themselves and not be tempted to resort to the old life of sin and crime; for they have been converted, but need sympathy and help to stand fast in the faith.

The foreign citizens of Yokohama always sympathetic and liberal in times of distress and calamity presented the Bible Readers with the sum of ten yen, which they had voluntarily collected to replace the stolen goods and money.

The conversion of these burglars is one of the most remarkable events in the history of this mission. For are they not brands plucked from the burning? And shall they not shine as jewels in the crown of Him, who died for criminals?

"Therefore, beloved brethren, may we be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

ONO CHIYO

CONCLUSION

Owing to a concatenation of circumstances, it does not seem expedient to close this volume without some notice of another remarkable Christian woman, a conspicuous character in the church, of which, she is a member. Her parents were agriculturists, residing in the country about 75 miles

from Tōkyō. According to native usages, prevailing in ancient as well as modern times, Ono Chiyo, the subject of this sketch was given away by her parents and adopted into a wealthy family, at the early age of nine years. At that period of time, under the dual government, the necessity and propriety of woman's education were ignored, and therefore Ono Chiyo enjoyed no mental advantages, but thoroughly instructed in farming and floral culture became proficient in them. Possessing individuality of character and much ability she became indispensable to her foster parents and was thus deterred from matrimonial engagements, until quite advanced in years according to Japanese estimation, unattractive and unique in figure and physiognomy she did not win the sturdy farmers and had passed her thirtieth year before her marriage took place. She came with her husband to reside in Yokohama, and possessing adequate means, purchased a residence and garden, for floral culture, in the vicinity of our school. A few years subsequently, she was stricken with a disease resembling paralysis, and prostrated, was unable to rise.

A faithful old servant, who has now been in my employ for 20 years, having been previously healed through faith in the Divine Physician, desired that God's afflicted children should be benefitted by his experience, visited her, proclaiming salvation, and restoration, through faith in Jesus. He informed me of her pitiable condition, and requested me to visit her at the earliest opportunity.

At that period in my Christian experience, a deep conviction that the Church of Christ should possess and exercise the Gifts of the Spirit was wrought into my very being,

moreover the Lord was leading me to many sick and afflicted ones, for whom my heart was deeply moved. A strong desire to possess the Gift of Healing was inspired within my heart, and sought with prayers and tears, in union with dear Christian friends. But it was not conferred, although some for whom my prayers ascended were converted and restored to health.

One day a young Japanese girl said to me: Honorable teacher, there is an account in this newspaper (Japanese) of the healing of disease by a Buddhist priest; who can it is said, cure any physical disorder, by personal influence! My desire for that Gift faded in one instant, as the delicate petals of the rose, beneath an intense sunstroke. For while the statement made no appeal to my credence, the effect was instantaneous and remarkable.

It is an indubitable fact that even today, these Gifts exist in the Christian Church, and are exercised by those, upon whom conferred.

During the last twelve years my faith has constantly and persistently appropriated the physical salvation, which is in the Omnipotent Physician, without material appliances; and although encompassed with infirmities; His stength is sufficient and made manifest, through my weakness.

The first opportunity to visit the "Gardener's wife" as she was then and is still designated was improved. Being admitted into the small apartment, which she occupied, my first glance at the invalid, recalled some dim pictures of the olden times was not this, the small eccentric fairy who appeared to Cinderella? She was indeed a being weird and startling. About three and a half feet in

stature, with features large and prominent, keen black eyes and long raven hair, a frame attenuated and bony, she presented a picture rare and indescribable. But a kindly heart beat within that frame, prompting a warm welcome to the foreign stranger. Sitting beside her couch upon the floor, a conversation was opened, calculated to direct her thoughts, first, to her own sinful and helpless condition and then to the Divine Savior, the spiritual and physical Physician. It was all so new and strange to her, that she listened as in a wonderful dream, with faint and tearful assent to the Gospel message. After a prayer for her conversion and recovery my farewell was spoken, with a promise to repeat the visit. Soon after, she was converted and received into the church, of which, she is now a Deaconess. Restored to health, with the power of locomotion, she now walks, with the aid of a strong staff from her residence to the church; a distance, exceeding a mile. Although her quaint appearance never fails to excite a smile from stranger or friend, she is highly respected, as her life is consistent and her example, worthy of emulation.

Her oldest daughter has also been married, but to an unbeliever, through the father's compulsion and has therefore declined in faith and good works. The younger daughter, who is also married, is still unconverted, and these two, so dear to the heart of the mother, are ever remembered with earnest petitions and tears at the mercy seat.

The Spring flowers, early and late roses from her garden, are expressions of her affection for me; and whatever in her eccentric mind, she thinks may give me pleasure is

presented as a tribute of gratitude and love.

The few facts and illustrations contained within this unpretentious volume have been collated from a large number; some of which, might be more striking and acceptable than these. But common place characters occupy the stage in lifes drama, and commonplace events compose its substance.

In the transfiguration morning, which is about to dawn, the Parousia of our Lord, the smallest deed of service, the grander achievement, the silent victory, the hidden sacrifice shall appear in the effulgence of His glory. Then heaven and earth shall tremble with the accents of that mighty Anthem:

> "Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown Him, Lord of all."

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